

The Academy and Literature

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Literary Notes

THE movement for an adequate memorial to Shakespeare in London bids fair to prove successful, if we may judge from the energy and enthusiasm of those who have the matter in hand and at heart. I take this opportunity of correcting an error in last week's notes on this subject: the name of the gentleman who has already generously promised large monetary assistance should have been given as Mr. Richard Badger.

would neither live nor last, we have enough theatres already at which, if need be, Shakespeare representations could now and again be organised. A Shakespeare theatre would be a commercial enterprise, holding forth no possibility of financial success.

THE institute suggested in last week's ACADEMY would, I believe, both live and last. I see it in my mind's eye as a



ONE OF THE SUGGESTED SITES FOR THE LONDON SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL

[Photo. Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

THERE will, of course, be differences of opinion as to what will be the best form for the memorial to take, but such differences will surely cease when some definite scheme has been carefully elaborated and put before the public; then all, whatever may be their private pet projects, must heartily support the scheme adopted. For my own part I desire to see a *living*, lasting memorial; a statue will last, but once unveiled will rapidly descend into a mere item in guide-books, visited by a few Londoners, stray Americans and other visitors. A theatre

centre of Shakespeare enthusiasm and scholarship, a meeting place for students and a proud possession of London citizens. I trust I shall be forgiven for going somewhat into detail. First of all as to architecture: can there be any doubt that the building should be in Tudor style, such a building as Shakespeare must have seen in his own London? Then as to accommodation: a good entrance hall, which might be decorated with replicas of the statues and busts of the poet; then sufficient rooms for a library, galleries for pictures, accommodation for the

librarian and keeper, and spare ground for future extension. In the library should be gathered together all editions of the plays and poems, works of every character dealing with them and books treating of Shakespeare's London. In the picture gallery and museum copies of the portraits of Shakespeare, portraits of critics, commentators and players, pictures, maps, plans and relics of Shakespeare's London. The large gallery should be sufficiently commodious to seat a considerable audience for costume recitals of the plays, for meetings of societies, lectures, assemblies and so forth.

THEN the stern money side of the question. If a demand be made by a large body of representative citizens the London County Council, it is to be hoped, would see its way to make a grant of sufficient ground out of that now being cleared between Westminster and Lambeth, for the Shakespeare Institute should look out upon Shakespeare's beloved Thames. Then money will be wanted for the building and for an endowment fund for maintenance, salary of the librarian and keeper, &c., &c.; £200 or £300 a year from the County Council would not be felt by the ratepayers, but would break the back of the necessary endowment; a further source of income would be the letting of the large gallery to associations, Shakespeare societies and other bodies, and a small fee—6d.—might be charged to visitors to the galleries. The library should be under much the same regulations as the British Museum. A separate fund would probably have to be raised for the purchase of books.

SUCH an institute as that outlined above would, I believe, prove beneficial and popular; its usefulness would increase from year to year; it would be a *living* memorial. But whatever scheme it be decided to put forward, there can be no question that London should have a worthy memorial of her greatest citizen, a memorial of the man, the poet, the dramatist, the actor and of his London. We have many splendid buildings still in our midst which adorned Elizabethan London, as recent illustrations in THE ACADEMY have shown; few are the passers-by who even glance at them, thinking that Shakespeare looked upon them too. Fewer still are those who realise how much we know of Shakespeare's London, how detailed is the knowledge of it we can obtain from contemporary books and pamphlets, maps and views, and for the right understanding of Shakespeare's plays an intimate knowledge of Shakespeare's London is essential. Therefore it is fitting that this proposed memorial should be a memorial not only of the great citizen but of the great city in which he dwelt.

I GIVE, on the previous page, a view of one of the sites suggested for the Shakespeare Memorial: it is close to Lambeth Bridge; the view is taken looking from the river, Romney Street is on the right and Horseferry Road is to the left, outside the picture. There is another possible site to the north of Romney Street, larger some three times than that in our view.

STILL in regard to the Shakespeare memorial, I regret to see that Mr. Sidney Lee has lent the weight of his name to the proposal to found a Shakespeare theatre and school of dramatic art. Such a scheme is not a memorial in the ordinary sense of the word, but a commercial undertaking of a very risky nature. As to the site, Mr. Lee renews the old suggestion of selecting a position in Kingsway; has he considered the cost? He admits the scheme to be expensive and adds to the cost by making the impractical suggestion that the scene storehouse, &c., should be attached to the playhouse! Why waste money thus? The idea of a repertoire theatre should be kept

quite distinct from that of the Shakespeare memorial. One more point: does Mr. Lee really believe that he can see Shakespeare better acted in France than in England?

THE First Annual Meeting of the London Shakespeare League was held on Tuesday, the 23rd, a large number of members being present. The chair was taken by Mr. T. Fairman Ordish. Next week I hope to refer in detail to the League and its work.

DWELLERS by the Clyde are intensely proud of the place their turbid river has taken in the annals of steam navigation, and two books which are to be issued in the spring should give them some justification for their pride. One of these is "The Rise and Progress of the Clyde Passenger Steamer during the Nineteenth Century," written by Captain James Williamson, the manager of the Caledonian Steam Packet Company, who will begin his narrative with the paddle-propelled steamer "Comet," launched in 1812, and associated with the name of Henry Bell, and will close it with the description of the turbine "King Edward," launched in 1901. Between these dates he will have to chronicle the building of over 300 steamers for the Clyde passenger service alone; but the volume will be relieved from technical dryness by the author's reminiscences of men and of the growth of the towns along the coast following on their increased accessibility by steamboat.

THE other volume is biographical in character, but it also will exhibit a phase in the evolution of marine engineering on the Clyde. It is "The Life of Robert Napier," written by Mr. James Napier, and to be published by Messrs. Blackwood. The claim to recognition of Robert Napier, the Dumbarton blacksmith, is not so much that he made the reputation of the river as an engineering centre, as that in the capacity to which he subsequently rose, of adviser to the Admiralty, he counselled the discarding of wooden vessels for the Navy and their replacement by iron ships, of which the first were built by his own firm. The sailor is proverbially superstitiously conservative and the introduction of iron ships was strenuously opposed; but perhaps we must go to America for the concrete objection to the change. Admiral Farragut, the commander of the Federal Western Gulf Squadron, was urged by his government to use an iron ship, but he resolutely refused, saying he declined to "be sent to hell in a tea-kettle."

AN addition to the growing catalogue of books treating of place-names is likewise promised by Messrs. Blackwood in the "Influence of the Pre-Reformation Church on Scottish Place-Names." The author is Mr. J. M. Mackinlay, and his aim has been to trace the influence of the Church in local nomenclature in the light of philology, history, topography, ecclesiology and folk-lore. The great bulk of the material of which the volume will be made up has already appeared as newspaper articles.

THE Glasgow Society of Artists, a small body of the younger art-workers of the city which has Mr. John Hassall for president, has a dainty little show at present open in Sauchiehall Street. The exhibits number just over seventy, and are marked by a high standard of excellence, with here and there an evidence of the extravagance of youth. Not a few of the exhibitors are ladies, including Miss Bessie Macnicol, Miss Jessie King, Miss H. Paxton Brown and Miss D. Carleton Smith. Mr. Hassall shows his "All the King's Horses and all the King's Men," Mr. Tom Browne has two pictures, and other leading exhibitors are Mr. Harry Spence, Mr. R. Russell Macnee and the brothers Orr.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH has practically recovered from his recent illness, and although not as strong as he would like to be, is much more himself again than he has been for some time past. He is still staying with his daughter, Mrs. Sturgis, at Leatherhead, and on fine days may often be met in the streets of the little town usually driving in a donkey-chair. Mr. Meredith is not now writing and indeed does not intend devoting himself to hard work for some time to come.

"THE AWAKENING OF MRS. CARSTAIRS" is the title of a novel which will be issued next month by Mr. Morton, of Edinburgh. The authoress, who chooses to be known as Olivia Roy, is, we understand, the wife of a well-known author moving in London literary and artistic circles. The story tells, in diary form, of the awakening, by another man, of the emotions of a young woman whose marriage was based on no deeper feeling than friendship for the man who was her husband. The identity of Olivia Roy is likely to cause some speculation.

THE large number of letters written to THE ACADEMY, expressing thanks for the articles recently printed therein upon University Extension, testify to the general sense that though much has been accomplished much more remains to be done. Apparently it is felt that although lectures are very good things in their way they are not the beginning and end of education; it is felt that something should be done to organise students and to make learning for them living and interesting. Also it is felt that although there are already many centres there should be many more, that there should be more continuity in the teaching and that every effort should be made to teach those in outlying districts as well as those in the great centres; also that an endeavour should be made to render practically useful for educational purposes the large number of museums and free libraries with which the country is studded.

How are these aims to be achieved? First, by more complete organisation, by turning into one main stream the many scattered efforts which are already at work; London, Oxford, Cambridge, Birmingham, Manchester and other centres should work together. The Central Association of University Extension Students has made a good start upon this work of unification and if it meets with the support it deserves should soon become the unifying body which is required. Already amongst its supporters are Lord Reay, its President, Lord Avebury, Sir Martin Conway (Cambridge), Dr. Emil Reich, the Bishop of Ripon, Sir Henry Roscoe, and Mr. T. H. Warren (President of Magdalen College). The good work of utilising our public collections has been started by Dr. Emil Reich and Major Martin Hume in their lectures at the British Museum.

BUT to be successful this Association must become the head of a national not of a local movement, and those who are willing to assist in increasing the scope and usefulness of the University Extension movement will be well advised to put themselves in immediate touch with the Central Association. Full details of its objects and the work it has already accomplished can be obtained from the honorary secretary, Mr. Max Judge, 7, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

MR. GEORGE MOORE makes some quaint "avowals" in this month's "Pall Mall Magazine." It would take too long and possibly not prove edifying to discuss all his statements, but to one or two of the most curious I may be forgiven for drawing attention. For "The Imaginary

Portraits" Mr. Moore would give all Browning; luckily he has not the power to do so. Then we read, "I think Fielding was the first English author about whom it can be said that he sat down to write for money." Of course Mr. Moore may say anything he likes, but no one can accept the truth of the above wild statement; let us remember Shakespeare and his fellow playwrights; did they write for art's sake alone? Thackeray "seems to us to-day no more than an eminently respectable and commonplace person"; dear, dear! "The English novel began with Fielding and ended with Jane Austen"; again, dear, dear! But really Mr. Moore must not poke fun at us in this way, he should remember that some of his readers may take his funning for earnest.

It is not often the case that the loss of one man throws a shadow over so wide an area of the intellectual field as did the death of S. Arthur Strong at the early age of forty. Librarian of the House of Lords, as well as to the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, Professor of Arabic at University College, London, as well as Lecturer in Assyriology there and at Cambridge, his official duties were many and exacting. He had devoted no small amount of work to Oriental studies. He published in 1891, for the Pali Text Society, the *editio princeps* of the Mahā Bodhi Vamsa, a difficult but valuable history written in Pali prose of the so-called Tree of Wisdom. Soon after this important work was finished, Mr. Strong devoted his attention more closely to Arabic and Assyriology. In the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society" there appeared, in 1891 and 1892, several articles on Assyrian Texts, in which he showed a mastery of the subject. To the new series of the "Records of the Past," edited by Professor Sayce, he contributed a number of translations. To the "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology" he contributed, in Vol. XVI, 1894, a note on a fragment of the Adapa-Legend; in Vol. XVII, 1895, an additional note on the Adapa-Legend, some Assyrian Alliterative Texts. To "Delitzsch and Haupt's Beiträge zur Assyriologie," Vol. II, he sent a valuable article on Some Oracles to Esarhaddon and Assurbanipal, 1894. To the "Assyrian and Babylonian Record" he sent A Prayer of Assurbanipal and Three Cuneiform Texts, in 1892. The "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society" for 1895 contains the Arabic text of a history of Kilwa, with a critical introduction and analysis. The text of the "Futūḥ al Habashah, or Conquest of Abyssinia by Shihāb al Dīn Ahmad," was published in 1894; and for some time before his death Mr. Strong is known to have engaged upon an edition of an Arabic history of Jakenak, Sultan of Egypt.

THESE published works would constitute a creditable record by themselves, but as noticed in The Times of January 19, Mr. Strong was also contributing to widely different branches of literature and art. The present writer had the privilege of attending for a short while his Cambridge lectures on Assyriology and was struck with his exceptional teaching ability. He knew exactly where to distinguish the difficulty inherent in the subject from that due to ignorance or insufficient preparation. Hence every lesson was a real stride forward in the acquisition of knowledge. He never lost his interest in classics which had been his subject for his degree.

AMONGST others controlled by the International Copyright Bureau are works by Goldberger, Bishenden, Arthur Schnitzler and other well-known continental authors and playwrights.

Bibliographical

IT may be of some interest and utility if, with reference to the lamented death of Sir Leslie Stephen, I give a chronological list—fairly complete, I think—of his published volumes or brochures. The first and second of these, apparently, belong to the year 1865, in which he issued "Sketches from Cambridge, by a Don," and "The Times' on the American War." After these came the following works, large and small: "The Playground of Europe" (1871, re-issued 1894 and 1899), "Free Thinking and Plain Speaking" (1873), "Hours in a Library" (in three series, 1874, 1876, and 1879, re-issued 1892), "The History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" (1876, third edition 1902), "Johnson" (in "English Men of Letters" series, 1878), "Pope" (in the same series, 1880), "The Science of Ethics" (1882), "Swift" (in the "English Men of Letters" series, 1882), "Life of Henry Fawcett" (1885), "What is Materialism?" (1886), "An Agnostic's Apology and other Essays" (1893, re-issued 1903), "Social Rights and Duties" (1893), "Life of Sir James F. Stephen" (1895), "Studies of a Biographer" (1898 and 1902), "The English Utilitarians" (1900), "Religion and Ethics" (1900), "George Eliot" (in the "English Men of Letters" series, 1902), and "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century" (1904). He wrote, further, a prefatory chapter to the works of Samuel Richardson (1883), a biographical preface to Margaret Veley's "A Marriage of Shadows" (1888), a memoir of J. D. Campbell prefixed to his "Coleridge" (1896), a prefatory note to E. Legouis' "Early Life of Wm Wordsworth" (1897), an introduction to James Payn's "The Backwater of Life" (1899), an "In Memoriam" for the memoir of George Smith, the publisher (1902), and an introduction to "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" (1903). He was the editor of the works of Fielding (1882), W. K. Clifford's "Lectures and Essays" (1886, re-issued 1901), and the "Letters of J. R. Green" (1901). I need not dwell upon his editorship of the "Cornhill" and "The Dictionary of National Biography," and I do not profess to record his fugitive contributions to periodical literature.

I remember being rather taken with a little two-stanza lyric which appeared in Mr. Ernest Myers' volume of "Poems" in 1877. It ran as follows:—

Stay me no more; the flowers have ceased to blow,
The frost begun;
Stay me no more; I will arise and go,
My dream is done.
My feet are set upon a sterner way,
And I must on;
Love, thou hast dwelt with me a summer day,
Now, Love, begone.

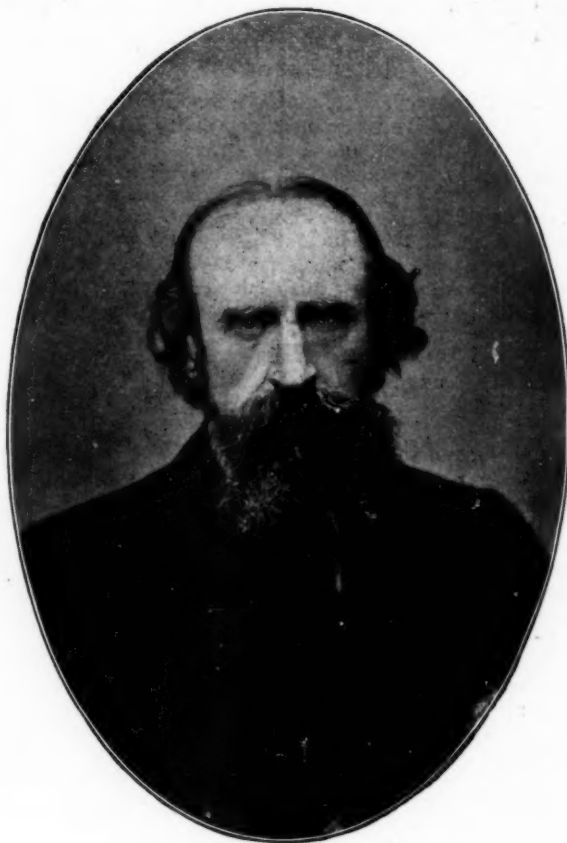
I was a young man at the time, and this pleased me. Now, in my middle age, I open the "Gathered Poems of Ernest Myers," just issued, only to find my old favourite transmogrified into this:—

Hold us not here; the flowers have ceased to blow,
The frost begun;
Hold us not here; we will arise and go,
The dream is done.
Our feet are set upon a sterner way,
And we must on;
Ease, thou has dwelt with us a summer day,
But now begone.

There is also a third stanza, wholly new to me. It is, no doubt, characteristic of the middle-aged Muse that in these later lines "ease" should be substituted for "love."

With reference to my paragraph last week *re* Mortimer Collins, an Acton correspondent writes to remind me that a volume of "Selections" from Collins' verse was published by Mr. Bentley eighteen years ago. I am aware of

the fact, and have the volume before me at this moment. It does not, however, come up to my idea of a Collins anthology, for it includes too much of his more trivial work, and is, moreover, put together without (apparently) any definite plan. The compiler's loyalty has too often paralysed his judgment, and there is still room for a



The late Sir LESLIE STEPHEN

[Photo, Elliot & Fry, Baker St., W.]

selection which shall be at once slighter and more choice. "Are you aware," remarks my correspondent, "that Mortimer Collins' name is not in the new edition of Chambers's 'Encyclopædia of English Literature'?" Neither," he adds, "are those of Edward Maitland (author of 'The Pilgrim and the Shrine'), H. D. Traill, A. J. C. Hare, Charles Gibbon, and others. Considering the names of many actual living people admitted, I think," says my correspondent, "this is extraordinary." It is.

Another correspondent, writing from Bristol, asks me to mention that the late Canon Ainger contributed to the volume called "Wordsworthiana" (Macmillan, 1889) two papers—one on "Wordsworth and Charles Lamb" and one on "The Poets who helped to form Wordsworth's Life"; also, that he wrote the memoirs of Alfred, Charles, and Frederick Tennyson, and of George Du Maurier (as well as of Lamb) in the "Dictionary of National Biography"—a fact very generally known. "It is to be hoped," adds my correspondent, "that some of his scattered contributions to literature may be given a more permanent form."

I note that announcement is made of a new novel which is to be called "Heart's Desire." That, obviously, is a good title; but it was used by Vanda Wathen-Bartlett as the name of a tale published by her in 1899, and that lady has therefore a prior claim to it.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

La Fondation Thiers

LE ROMAN SOCIAL EN ANGLETERRE (1830-1850), DICKENS, DISRAELI, MRS. GASKELL, KINGSLEY. Par Louis Cazamian. NOVALIS : ESSAI SUR L'IDÉALISME ROMANTIQUE EN ALLEMAGNE. Par E. Spenlé. (Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Édition.)

THE literary lounge in Paris will readily call to mind that fine new building at the corner of the Rond Point Bugeaud, near the Porte Dauphine. It is the library and headquarters of the Thiers Foundation, a worthy memorial of a great man. At the death of Madame Thiers it was found that she had left a very considerable sum of money wherewith to perpetuate the name and fame of her husband, the first President of the French Republic. Her sister and heiress, Mdlle. Dosne, carried out the wishes of the founder. Fifteen young students, under 26 years of age, are housed, fed, and granted a yearly pension so that they may pursue their occupations or studies independently of any lack of means. They remain in the institution for one, two, or three years, during which time they are expected to make some more or less important contribution to literature. These contributions, if judged to be worthy, are printed and published at the expense of the Foundation. During its eleven years of existence some sixty *pensionnaires* have passed through the institution, including legal, philosophical, philological, historical, geographical, medical, mathematical, and chemical students. A list of their published works forms an important addition to contemporary scientific literature. The works named at the head of this column are two *fascicules* issued by the Fondation Thiers, and they very worthily uphold the serious intentions and purposes of the Endowment.

M. Louis Cazamian is a very earnest, thorough and conscientious student of early and mid-Victorian literature, and has brought to his study of the contemporary novel a profound knowledge of the social and political circumstances of the period. He rightly attempts no nice appreciation of the literary styles and values of the four authors of whom he mainly treats—Dickens, Disraeli, Mrs. Gaskell, and Kingsley—but confines himself, very properly, to the conditions of public and private life which formed them, and which they in their turn helped to form, or at any rate, to influence. It is the work of the scholar and the historian, not the impression of the literary critic. He says, for instance, "Dickens is before everything else, a personality. His opinions are inseparable from his experience and his character. Only his biography explains to us the nature of his 'class sentiment,' and the complexity of his attitude towards society, made up as it was of tendencies contradictory in theory, but between which the temperament of the man established a sentimental bond." And again, in another passage: "The social teaching of Dickens is spread throughout his work. The thought of the misery, and the feeling of the inequalities between man and man, are never absent therefrom. Nowhere does his lightness of heart, or the happy spirit of the story, allow one to forget for long the sadness of class-struggles. The opposition of rich and poor forms the frame, sometimes hidden, but always present, of the dramatic and moral construction of his work."

M. Cazamian is no less happy with regard to Disraeli, whose "prodigious suppleness and faculty of assimilation enabled him to revive the most profound sentiments of the English public, and whose intuitive intelligence permitted him to understand and formulate the new requirements of the times. This sympathy, this conviction, were they sincere? A difficult, perhaps an insoluble question."

No student of history and literature can afford to disregard this important contribution to our knowledge of the period.

According to M. Spenlé, Novalis is the key to German Romanticism. Other contemporary writers, such as the brothers Schlegel, and Tieck (a trio of great Shakespearean scholars), may have covered a larger field in romantic literature, but not one of them succeeded in penetrating so far into its essential profundity as "Novalis." This thesis is arguable, although, as the author admits, "the works of Novalis are among the most enigmatic in German literature." Still it will be agreed by all that Novalis—more indirectly perhaps than directly—exercised a vast formative influence not only on the literature of his country, but even on the aspect of life, which was reflected far beyond the immediate geographical confines of Germany. Pessimism, irony, intuition and real sympathy with what he deemed to be the philosophy of nature, combined to give Novalis an unassailable place in the hierarchy of philosophers, and M. Spenlé has written a fascinatingly sound book on the man and his work. One may not always agree with his opinions and deductions, but one is bound to admit the sincerity and thoroughness of his dissertation. Novalis stands much where he stood before, but the new lights, the important part that his work played in its time, and the germs of philosophic truth which have since spread throughout the literature of the world, have not hitherto been so lucidly set forth.

"Junipère"

JUNIPER HALL. By Constance Hill. (Lane. 21s. net.)

NOT many, even of the most faithful students of Fanny Burney and her times, will recall without an effort the precise locality of Juniper Hall; and even when they have read Miss Constance Hill's explanatory sub-title, "A Rendezvous of Certain Illustrious Personages during the French Revolution, including Alexandre d'Arblay and Fanny Burney," they will still, it may be, wonder where Miss Hill has found material for this large and handsome volume. In Mr. Austin Dobson's delightful biography of the author of "Evelina," Juniper Hall is mentioned but once in the index, and scarcely more times in the text. But Miss Hill, as was shown in her agreeable book on "The Homes and Friends of Jane Austen," is a very pious worshipper of the *genius loci*, and her account of Juniper Hall is wanting neither in charm nor usefulness.

In the sad days which followed the deaths of Dr. Johnson and "Daddy" Crisp, Fanny Burney found evident comfort in frequent visits to the Locks at Norbury Park, and her sister, Mrs. Phillips, who was then established in a little cottage near the Park at Mickleham. Close at hand, in the valley of the Mole, was, and is, Juniper Hall, the not undignified mansion which has provided Miss Hill with a congenial theme and an attractive frontispiece—the latter engraved from a water-colour by Dibdin. Writing from Mickleham to Fanny, in 1792, Mrs. Phillips said: "We shall shortly, I believe, have a little colony of unfortunate (or, rather, fortunate, since they are safe) French noblesse in our neighbourhood. Sunday evening Ravelly informed Mr. Lock that two or three families had joined to take Jenkinson's house (Juniper Hall), and that another family had taken a small house at Westhumble, which the people very reluctantly let; upon the Christian-like supposition that, being nothing but French *Papishes*, they would never pay. Our dear Mr. Lock, while this was agitating, sent word to the landlord that he would be answerable for the rent." The

family at Westhumble was that of Madame de Broglie, and the party at Juniper Hall included then the Marquise de la Châtre, M. de Norbonne, ex-Minister of War, M. de Jaucourt, and most important of all, M. Alexandre d'Arblay. Later came Madame de Staël and Talleyrand, then an attractive man who had scarcely reached middle age. Miss Hill is much given to recalling, with almost sentimental fervour, the joy with which she has gazed upon a house, or sat beneath a tree, in company with the ghosts of Fanny Burney and her friends; but it is easy to forgive her enthusiasm when one thinks of this brilliant little society, and of the dramatic contrast between the quiet hospitality of the Surrey village and the lurid horrors so narrowly escaped. No one would wish to pain Mr. Dobson or Miss Hill by saying that in the society of Madame de Staël and Talleyrand, one might without difficulty have forgotten the existence of Fanny Burney: yet it is true that the first half of Miss Hill's book would be just as interesting if it told nothing but the history of these émigrés. D'Arblay himself had been *maréchal de camp* and Adjutant-General to Lafayette, and, by the aid of many judicious quotations, Miss Hill presents him in a very engaging light, as a man profoundly loyal to his friends and his cause. "He has a sincerity, a frankness, an ingenuous openness of nature," wrote Fanny in the early days, "that I had been unjust enough to think could not belong to a Frenchman." Of the visits constantly interchanged between the residents, Miss Hill gives admirably vivacious descriptions; and when at last she comes to the episode of the love-affair between M. d'Arblay and Fanny, she writes with an obvious enjoyment of the situation that is—perhaps naturally—to seek in Mr. Dobson's more reticent pages. We hear all about the proposal, the acceptance, and Dr. Burney's reluctant consent; the walls of Camilla Cottage rise before our eyes "like an exhalation" out of the profits of that dull book which Horace Walpole called the "deplorable *Camilla*"; and one leaves the history of "Junipère," as some of the refugees called it, with real regret. Miss Hill has been at some pains to collect fresh material, epistolary and pictorial, for her pages, and in spite of some superfluous digressions and a certain fervency of phrase which it is no longer accurate to call feminine, her book is agreeably picturesque and stimulating.

SIDNEY THOMPSON.

Cruikshank as Painter

CRUIKSHANK'S WATER COLOURS. With introduction by Joseph Grego. (Black. 20s. net)

It was lately my very unpleasant duty, in these columns, to animadvert upon what seemed to me to be the ill-advised resurrection of certain unfortunate book illustrations from the pencil of the artist who was known to his friends and admirers as the "inimitable George." Considered unworthy of publication at the time of their execution some thirty or forty years ago, they were now presented to a public which knows him not, as good examples of his workmanship, nay more! as ranking him amongst the book-illustrators of genius. As a matter of fact they were, with two or three exceptions, as perfunctory and valueless as any work that Cruikshank ever did, and his greatest admirers must confess that when he was bad none emulated better than he the little girl with the curl on her forehead. Thus it was that a great reputation was in danger of being blown upon, and one of our able-men getting written down as vulgar, mechanical and incompetent.

The publication of the present volume fortunately goes some way towards redressing this grievance. It is therefore with the more satisfaction that I now find myself able to recommend, though not altogether without reservation, the beautiful volume which lies before me—a volume

which it will be the pleasure of every good Cruikshankian to add to his already well-stocked shelves. For the opportunity to do so they must, I imagine, thank Mr. Joseph Grego, but they will not bless him for the turgid and inexpedient introduction with which he has thought fit to preface the volume. This and the fact that the title of the book raises hopes not destined to be realised are unfortunate blots upon a production which does credit alike to the publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black, and the colour-printers, Messrs. Carl Hentschel & Co. And first a word with Mr. Grego, not upon his literary style, concerning which it would be difficult to write with becoming seriousness, but upon the unsavoury matters which he has thought fit to resuscitate in his introduction.

Cruikshankians are only too well aware of the extravagant claims which the disappointed artist made to work which was as undoubtedly due to the genius of Dickens and the industry of Ainsworth as the illustrations were to his own skill with the pencil or the etching needle. I was at pains to put the whole matter on a proper footing in a small volume published some seven or eight years ago, and I must confess to some resentment at seeing Cruikshank's pamphlet, fortunately for his reputation hitherto difficult of access, dragged into the light of day and presented without the arguments for and against the claims contained therein, as though it held the final and incontrovertible truth.

Mr. Grego would have done better to have left this fatuous opusculum to moulder away on the shelves which hold the eccentric lucubrations of other lop-minded men of genius. It is, of course, perfectly true that both Dickens and Ainsworth found Cruikshank a most stimulating and valuable collaborator when he was in an amiable humour; but to suggest a subject for, or to discuss the details of, a work of fiction however elaborately with its writer, cannot for a moment be held to justify a claim to artistic origination or joint-authorship.

But enough of stricture. Putting aside the introduction, we have in the three beautiful series of hitherto unpublished water-colour drawings here presented to us a revelation of Cruikshank's versatility which should go far to revive a somewhat waning reputation. For this I, for one, render Mr. Grego my heartiest thanks. True, the matter is familiar enough to every admirer of "the man that drew the awful Jew," but the manner is as unfamiliar as it is delightful. Here we find the artist realising in water-colours with unexpected felicity the illustrations to "Oliver Twist," "The Miser's Daughter," and Maxwell's "Irish Rebellion," with which, in black and white, all the world is, or ought to be, familiar.

It is unnecessary here to dwell upon their charms. They must be seen to be appreciated. It is enough to say that the best of them, which are to be found in the last series, for movement, invention, and mastery would do credit to von Menzel himself; and what better claim to respect could be made for them than that?

G. S. LAYARD.

THE KINSHIP OF NATURE. By Bliss Carman. (Murray. 6s.)

FROM the days of Dryden—nay, from the days of Ben Jonson and Cowley—poets have had a tendency to fall into essay-writing. In modern times the tendency has increased rather than diminished; and it has throughout been of such advantage to the essay that the reviewer must needs look kindly on it. Ben Jonson, Cowley, Dryden, Leigh Hunt (to stop short of the present day) form a lineage illustrious enough amply to justify the practice. The poet's prose is usually excellent prose; sometimes rich, and seldom other than idiomatic and pure. The latest recruit to the growing band is Mr. Bliss Carman, a Canadian poet of deserved repute this side the water, with a lusty and individualised joy in nature. It is the outward eye, rather than the "inward eye" of Wordsworth, which inspires the nature-poetry of Mr.

Carman, on whom is the roving impulse of the New World. Does a like inspiration show itself in his prose?

Well, these essays are not altogether as his verse. The essential man of the poetry is discoverable also in the prose, if you understandingly look for him. But Mr. Carman's philosophy is very much more to the front, more predominant, one might almost say more exclusively evident, in these essays. We say "philosophy," because such is the term loosely applied nowadays to all theorising upon problems of life or nature. But in the stricter and older sense of the term, Mr. Carman, like most poets, is too in love with the concrete for his speculations to be classed as philosophy. But a poet's thought by any other name will smell as sweet. Briefly, these essays are dominated by a conviction that the faculties of men at large are oppressed, confined, in part atrophied; and that in giving them free play lies the salvation of society. Commercialism, there is the enemy. It is commercialism which suppresses some of the noblest and most necessary faculties in the masses of men.

Body, mind, and soul, cries the author, are all equal; he can make no distinction of nobility between them. So, likewise, taste, reason, and conscience are to him equal faculties, and to be cultivated equally. Human happiness lies in the equal cultivation of all human faculties "to a normal degree in a normal way." No one faculty should be thought inferior to another faculty, or depressed in favour of another faculty. Let the bit be taken off all these powers of humanity, and let them race neck-for-neck. Freedom for every faculty of man. To distrust the result is to "believe in the ultimate evil of the spirit"; for if the good be stronger than the bad, the less repression the better. Release all human powers, and full steam ahead.

Such is Mr. Carman's theory. He is, in effect, a democrat—if we might not say an anarchist, or at least a socialist—carrying his democracy into the region of thought. The native righteousness of human nature, therefore liberty and equality for all the faculties of humanity—such is the logical outcome of the poet's democracy applied to speculative principle. We are not concerned to dispute or agree with, but merely to emphasize it. What really and chiefly concerns him, however, is the suppression of one human faculty—the faculty of taste, the native perception of beauty. All work should be art, should be the expression of the workman's self, and therefore a joy in the doing of it. Modern conditions make this impossible. Brutalise the workman by stamping out individuality or the chance of individuality in his work. There is in his work no outlet for himself, therefore he has in his work no joy. Art is divorced from life, and becomes etiolated; life, divorced from art, becomes base. There must be freedom for the common workman as there is freedom for the thinker and artist; that is the radical, only cure. We are minded to ask, is there freedom for thinker and artist in the modern Western state, gripped by the dollar and the driving-wheel? But, however we may view the all-sufficiency of Mr. Carman's cure and theories, there can be no question that commercialism is, as he declares, the enemy, the crushing and throttling influence upon modern life. Nor are these essays without abundance of other things: happy natural observation which recalls the writer's poetry, suggestive artistic theory. One essay, "Rhythm," reads like a variation on the subtle essay of an English poet and prose-writer; but has its own observation and personality. Always the style is pure, clear, direct, with that undeniable quality which comes from the habit and exercise of poetry. "Trees" is Mr. Carman the poet, pure and simple; and very delightful it is. It is a gain to know Carman the essayist; though he does not weaken our preference for Carman the poet. Which, probably, is as he would have it be.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

IVAN LE TERRIBLE. Par K. Waliszewski. (Plon-Nourrit.)

THE latest of M. Waliszewski's fascinating series of monographs of Russian monarchs, which he entitles "The Origins of Modern Russia," is as interesting and as informing as any that has yet appeared. Waliszewski has the gift of a beautiful style, and evidently regards history as an art and not a science. The book is particularly interesting at the present juncture, since much in it has a bearing on the Russia of to-day.

Waliszewski points out how the great empire of the North develops, both internally and externally, by a system of avalanches. At long intervals a sudden displacement of the centre of gravity produces a rapid forward movement followed by a longer or shorter period of stagnation. In the vast task assigned by fate to the Russians, it is inevitable that they shall meet obstacles and gird themselves up for effort. Just at present their domestic progress seems at a standstill, and their foreign policy firmly fixed in the grooves formerly followed. Their activity has been absorbed by the conquest of a new domain destined to extend to the Chinese seas on one side, and to the Persian Gulf on the other, a conquest that is likely to cost them dear. But not the less are the domestic problems, the solution of which is for the time being left aside, growing slowly and surely to a head.

The beginnings of Russian progress are, according to Waliszewski, to be sought in the reign of Ivan the Terrible, who was the first Russian monarch to assume the title of Tsar. Everything that was accomplished later by Peter the Great and Catherine II., the acquisition of the Baltic coast, the annihilation of the last vestiges of the Tartar power, the conquest of Siberia, the opening of political and commercial relations with all the countries of Europe, the introduction into Russia of the elements of foreign culture, and the reorganisation of the empire on the same bases as those on which it rests at the present day—all these things were inaugurated by Ivan the Terrible. Hence the reason of Waliszewski's monograph.

To understand Russian history it is necessary to understand the relations between the Tsar and his people, and the best description of those relations is to be found in the Muscovite cycle of historical chants. There the Tsar is by no means repulsive; he is accessible to human feelings, severe but just and even generous. His semi-sacerdotal position naturally sets him above criticism, but he undoubtedly wins sympathy. The people are with him even in his worst crimes, and if they cannot applaud, they respectfully close their eyes, or cover what revolts their conscience with the mantle of fiction. Ivan the Terrible was level with the morality of his age, and it may truthfully be said that in no country of Europe does sixteenth century history resemble an idyll. Indeed, in some ways a false idea has attached itself to Ivan's surname. The Russian word *groznyj* has not the same signification as the English word *terrible*: it means rather a man who is respected as it becomes a man of the highest rank to make himself respected. In the days of Tsar Ivan, material greatness and brutal force were almost synonyms, but Ivan had imagination, wherein he differed most strongly from Peter the Great, one of the most positive spirits that ever lived, and both Ivan and his people deluded themselves as to the value of the end pursued and the extent of the sacrifice demanded.

To us, the most interesting portion of Ivan's career is that which concerns his relations with Queen Elizabeth. He was a veritable Anglo-maniac. Naturally anxious for alliance with a Power whose navy, trade and credit were beginning to rule the world, it also occurred to him that England might be a place of refuge in case he was driven from his own country. He even tried to marry an English wife, Lady Mary Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, and made it a condition that if he so honoured England, she must lend him her army and her

fleet against Bathory. Shakespeare's reference to the ambassadors from Muscovy in "Love's Labour's Lost" will be remembered. Needless to say, nothing came of the negotiations, although to the last moment Ivan cherished the idea of visiting England. The interviews between the Tsar and Bowes, the English ambassador, quoted at length by Waliszewski, are most entertaining. Indeed the whole book is delightful and an example of the way in which history should be written. To understand Russia in the twentieth century, it is well to get acquainted with Russia in the sixteenth century, and there can be no better opportunity of so doing than that offered by this volume.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND SOCIETY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Ford Lectures, 1903. By Leslie Stephen. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

A NEW volume by Sir Leslie Stephen has always been welcome, because it was sure to contain the quintessence of sanity and common sense. It was sure to be based upon knowledge, and inspired not only by impartiality but by frankness. Sir Leslie's utterances were never mere echoes. If they repeated what had been said before, they were none the less his own deliberately-formed opinions. In the present instance, discourses which were intended to be read and actually were read, though not by their author, aloud to audiences, gain, we consider, by being set forth in type. For in this review of the literary and social characteristics of a century, the writer is even more than usually concise in style and in expression. He covers a large extent of ground with remarkable and even embarrassing rapidity. He is so allusive that a perusal of his pages can hardly be recommended to anyone who is not already well acquainted with the subject. Possessing that preliminary acquaintance, no one can fail to be delighted with this luminous survey of the conditions under which literature was produced in England during the century named. Sir Leslie helps the reader to understand how largely the authors of that period were influenced by their environment—how greatly governed their efforts were by the class or classes they addressed. Take, for example, the dramatists of the Restoration: "There were, we must remember, only two theatres under Charles II., and there was a difficulty in supporting even two. Both depended almost exclusively on the patronage of the court and the courtiers." To the taste of the court and of the courtiers they consequently appealed. It does not follow from this that the whole nation, or even all London, revelled in cynical pictures of immorality. "A very small minority of the people can ever have seen a performance." By-and-bye the man of letters looked for appreciation not only to the "nobility and gentry," but to the wits of the coffee-houses, and later still, to the middle-classes who rejoiced in such products as "The Spectator" and "Clarissa Harlowe." This reminds us of an example of Sir Leslie's frankness as a critic. "I will confess," he says, "that the last time I read 'Clarissa Harlowe' it affected me with a kind of disgust." He was shocked by the elaborate detail in which Richardson tells the story of Clarissa—"rubbing our noses, if I may say so, in all her agony, and squeezing the last drop of bitterness out of every incident." Again, in regard to the "Spectator": "Spice of the real charm which every lover of delicate humour and exquisite urbanity must find in Addison, I fancy that the 'Spectator' has come to mean for us chiefly Sir Roger de Coverley. It is curious, and perhaps painful, to note how very small a proportion of the whole is devoted to that most admirable achievement, and to reflect how little life there is in much that in kindness of feeling and grace of style is equally charming." With Sir Leslie's general conclusions it is possible everybody may not find themselves in complete agreement—as, for instance, where he says that "Literature must be produced by the class which embodies the really vital and powerful currents of thought which are moulding society." This is true, of course, of the popular

literature of every epoch: the accepted literature of an epoch is always that which gives effective expression to contemporary emotions and ideas. But all that is really great and permanent in a writer is independent of his surroundings; the literature which lasts is that which gives consummate form to the elemental passions and aspirations of humanity.

SCHILLER UND DIE NEUE GENERATION, EIN VORTRAG. Von Ludwig Fulda. (Berlin: J. G. Cotta. 75 pfennig.)

It is well sometimes to pause and ask ourselves why certain authors who long held the ascendancy fall to low estate and are neglected by the new generation. The caprices of fashion, though they may count for something, are, as a rule, not so very largely responsible for such sweeping changes. Fulda, in the admirable lecture in which he tries to account for the eclipse that Schiller has undergone among the educated classes in Germany, has, we think, hit the right nail on the head. He makes the time-spirit responsible. Goethe's influence has increased. While Schiller is no longer much read; he has ceased to be an important influence in the people's life. The reason must be sought in the extraordinary change that has taken place in the political and social life of Germany, and more especially in the intellectual and spiritual life, during the last third of the nineteenth century. In 1859 the ideal of the German citizen was summed up in the words unity and liberty. Since that time, those ideals have been partly realised and partly pushed aside. Unity has come to pass, and to those who possess it Schiller's glorification of it is unneeded. The meaning attached to the term liberty has also changed, and if the serving of a prince means rapid advancement, no one refuses, although in his inmost heart a man still cherishes "Männerstolz vor Königsthronen." With freedom of thought it is the same. Men say, "Thought pays no customs duty," that is, we think what we please, and say, if it comes to that, something different. Idealism, too, is out of date and Schiller is an idealist of the purest water. Nowadays we conceal our real feelings under a mask of calm sobriety; pathos and sentiment we avoid like the fires of hell. Schiller was pathetic and even sentimental. Schiller said, "The brave man thinks of himself last." The individualist of our day says, "The strong man thinks of himself first." Then women are no longer satisfied with the place in society assigned them by Schiller, and they therefore cease to read him.

The naturalistic tendencies of modern literature are also against the appreciation of Schiller's peculiar genius. His strength rests on the typical, that of the naturalistic writer on the individual. Schiller aims at giving us inspiration, naturalism at giving us a mood or a temperament. Goethe's star has risen as Schiller's has set, and perhaps for this reason: Goethe teaches us to enjoy the world we live in, he heightens its charms for us and demands that we shall recognise and revel in its beauty. Schiller desires us to imagine a better world and to aim at its realisation. From that point of view, Goethe is the poet of the possessors, Schiller that of the needy and aspiring. So the people, who in 1859 were needy and aspiring, but who are to-day in possession, have turned from Schiller to Goethe.

But all the same, Schiller's star can never suffer total eclipse. There will always be those who are needy and who aspire, and such seek in art and poetry not the adornment of life but its consolation. The adherents Schiller has lost in the upper and middle classes of society he will find again two-fold and three-fold in the lower classes. And when the calm and happiness of the others is disturbed, then will they, too, turn again to Schiller. Then will men once more listen to the voice of the poet of the "Bells," and Schiller, the Tyrtæus of the moral struggle, will walk equal with Goethe, the high priest of beauty. If Goethe is like the sun which first made day,

day (says Fulda), Schiller is like the moon whom men honour as their kind friend, their most trustworthy guide as often as it is night.

The point of view is of extreme interest, the criticism touches some of the blots on the culture of the present time and helps to explain the neglect of other great authors beside Schiller.

HANOVER AND PRUSSIA, 1795-1803: A STUDY IN NEUTRALITY.
By Guy Stanton Ford, B.L., Ph.D. (New York: The Columbia University Press. 8s. net.)

THIS volume is one of a series of monographs on historical, political, and economical subjects, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. It is the fruit of much study of archives in London, Berlin, Hanover and Dresden, and of the diplomatic and historical works in existence dealing with the period. Dr. Ford has gone into his subject with American impartiality and German thoroughness. Perhaps his necessary reliance on German sources for most of his material may have somewhat Teutonised his style. There is no need to call Hanover a "Zankapfel" when the English "apple of discord" would express the same familiar metaphor. A writer for English-speaking readers should not credit these readers with too great knowledge of German. No doubt the historical students and scholars for whom this publication is meant mostly know German; no historian can afford to neglect that language. But it is not good to be unnecessarily foreign.

The period of study is interesting, but not from any momentous events or any remarkable skill even in diplomacy. Great events there were, but they only indirectly affected Northern Germany. In 1795 Prussia withdrew by the Treaty of Basel from the French Revolutionary War, in which she had joined reluctantly and without effect. An army and general in earnest would not have been stopped by a mere skirmish at Valmy. In 1803 Napoleon, disregarding the distinction, which the rulers of France before him had recognised, between Great Britain and Hanover, occupied and practically annexed the latter country. Between those periods Prussia had directed her energies towards keeping herself and North Germany neutral. In this Hanover, ruled by a governing clique in the name of George III., acquiesced. But between these dates, Prussia, forced into the Armed Neutrality of 1800 by Czar Paul and the First Consul, occupied Hanover herself as a retaliation for the action of British ships and prize courts towards neutral vessels. This action, which entirely stultified the previous policy of Prussia, was forced on that state by the threats of the mad Czar; but it was generally attributed to Prussian hunger for the convenient territory that would close the great gap between Prussia's eastern and western provinces. I think Dr. Ford allows too little weight to this ever-present idea. Hanover was the bait which Napoleon dangled before Prussia to keep her apart from his enemies. It was the knowledge that he did not mean the offer sincerely that led to the war of 1806. In fact, the desire to have Hanover and the plan of a North German Confederation under Prussia are the two keys of Prussia's policy from 1795 to 1806, as the possession of Silesia and the partition of Poland explain her policy before that time.

Anyone who seeks to unravel this sordid record of selfish diplomacy can have no better guide than Dr. Ford. I wish he would generalise a little more; and in his prefatory sketch of Hanoverian history (page 26) he states, as nearly all writers do, that the first overtures for the Anglo-Prussian Alliance of 1756 came from George II. The Newcastle Papers make it quite clear that Frederick the Great made the first overtures to George II. early in June, 1755. This point, of course, comes outside Dr. Ford's period.

A TRUE HISTORICAL RELATION OF THE CONVERSION OF SIR TOBIE MATTHEW. Edited, with a Preface, by A. H. Mathew. (Burns and Oates. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. MATHEW, by giving us this autobiographical document, has deserved well. The narrator was the son of a Dean of Christchurch; a great-grandson of Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury; and a grandson of Barlow, who consecrated him. He became a Roman Catholic, was ordained priest, and shortly before his death was professed as a member of the Society of Jesus. He wrote well the excellent English of his day—a day in which, indeed, it has been said no man could write ill. And he wrote with an admirable sincerity out of a full heart. Those were days in which it was ill arguing with an archbishop: "If my Lord of Canterbury were angry before, he was enraged now, and spake of nothing but prisons and other punishments of a worse kind, and declared that he would presently commit me." This was upon Matthew's return from Italy, whither as a young man he had travelled for the sake of learning the language and amusing himself after the fashion of the country. There, at Rome, he had fallen in with Father Persons (or Parsons) the Jesuit (responsible perhaps more than any other member of the Society for the sinister reputation it still enjoys among the British lower middle class), who seems to have handled him with wise discretion and honestly enough, giving him for consideration passages from the Fathers and the Scriptures pertinent to the controversies of the times. It is of interest, perhaps, to note that the same reference to St. Augustine's controversy with the Donatists that from the pulpit of Sardinia Street Chapel, and the mouth of Wiseman, struck Newman dumb was among those which together wrought conviction in this Anglican of the sixteenth century. Also, by way of contrast, one notes with a smile that, while still very far from proposing submission to the Church, he frankly placed himself at Rome under the protection of the head of the Holy Office, whose attitude towards the young man was a model of kindly hospitality.

The book is a human document of wider than merely controversial interest.

THE LITERATURE OF THE HIGHLANDS. By Magnus Maclean, M.A., D.Sc. (Blackie. 7s. 6d. net.)

LONG before the non-Gaelic-speaking reader has reached page 159 of this volume he will have formed a conclusion which Dr. Maclean has there put into words for him thus: "To English-speaking people who are dependent upon translations for their knowledge of the songs and poetry of the Gael, these latter must appear very poor and insipid in comparison with the artistic productions of their own language. Even the best, the most lauded efforts of men like Alexander Macdonald, Duncan Ban Macintyre and Dugald Buchanan seldom show in their English dress half so fine as in the original. Few," he adds, "would ever divine that in the tuneful Gaelic these poems are of the most exquisite order." The Englished poems do not, as a whole, impress one with their poetic beauty, and we are at a critical disadvantage when Dr. Maclean presents us, as he frequently does, with a Gaelic sample, and calls upon us to admire its structure. But, taking largely on trust the estimates of quality offered to us, we still find the book genuinely attractive. Containing as it does the author's third series of Celtic lectures at Glasgow University, it treats of the poetry (and such scanty prose as exists) of the Highlands after the Forty-Five, and deals with names not unfamiliar to Lowland ears. His method is a combination of biography and criticism, with examples of the work of the various authors who have "flourished" since the Forty-Five (the golden age, he tells us, of Highland poetry), beginning with Alexander Macdonald—who had the distinction of being the first to publish a volume of

original Gaelic poems—and continuing down to and including several of those still living who turn Gaelic verses. Dr. Maclean has enthusiasm for his subject, and wide knowledge of all that pertains to it; he has, moreover, a literary style touched with the Celtic glow that carries the reader along without conscious effort. In the result we have a volume exactly adapted to form a sufficiently complete history for the English reader, and calculated to inspire the literary efforts of those who are lucky enough to be able to use, in addition to the common speech of these islands, the language in which, according to Gaelic tradition, Adam first addressed "our general mother."

MONNA VANNA. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

"MONNA VANNA" will disappoint the admirers of M. Maeterlinck, for from no standpoint can it be judged a good play. The plot—thanks to the vagaries of the Lord Chamberlain's Examiner of Plays—is already so well known that but brief reference need be made to it. The theme of the drama is that Monna Vanna, wife of Guido Colonna, consents to go at night, clad only in her cloak, to the tent of Prinzivalle, the commander of the Florentine forces besieging Pisa, who makes this sacrifice the condition of his assisting the famine-stricken city; she goes; she finds in Prinzivalle a child love, of whom for years she had lost sight; she returns unharmed, accompanied by Prinzivalle, and in the end we are left to determine for ourselves whether she deserts her naturally infuriated husband or not. The latter point we need not discuss, but the central theme seems to us unnatural and unnecessary. Prinzivalle talks to Monna Vanna, when she comes to his tent, of the pure love he has borne for her ever since he had met her as a child in Venice, and she believes him! Believes this tale from the man who has made this horrible demand from her! In any case the horrible, but not tragic, detail of his demanding that she should come to him clothed only in her cloak should have been avoided by M. Maeterlinck. Had the author treated his subject otherwise, as he might easily have done, he might have given us a fine tragedy on the theme of a wife's sacrifice of her honour for the lives of her starving fellows. As it stands the drama is impossible and repellent.

But even setting aside his treatment of the theme, M. Maeterlinck has not done himself justice. The motives of the characters, certainly of Prinzivalle, are unnatural and unconvincing, and the conduct of Monna Vanna's father-in-law, Marco Colonna, when he returns from the Florentine camp to announce Prinzivalle's demand, is preposterous. He declares that the enemy "are not barbarians, thank God! They received me as an honoured guest," and "I saw Prinzivalle; I have had speech of him . . . he is humane and generous"! And so on! And Marco is not held up to us as a foolish fond old man, but as wise and good! No, there is no humanity in this play, though there is much fine writing.

Mr. Alfred Sutro has done his work so well that the translation reads like an original; higher praise could not be given.

Fiction

ANGELS AND DEVILS AND MAN. By Winifred Graham. (Cassell. 6s.) Miss Graham's title is a misleading one, for in her sufficiently amazing pages we encounter no actual fiends or angels, and certainly never catch a glimpse of anything human and real enough to be styled man. We have, however, a mysterious old *savant*, who lives in a haunted house and who discovers how to read thought by means of a specially-constructed ear-trumpet, a heroine "aglow from the light of a better, brighter world," a woman of the world, a professed adventurer and some other personages. In the course of the story the Professor detects a

projected murder—the motive of which gratuitous crime it must have taxed even his ear-trumpet to discover—brings the cynic and the woman of the world together, and accomplishes other remarkable feats. He is even equal to playing all the parts assigned him in the following interesting mixture of metaphor: "Upon all acquaintances the Professor took an immediate hold, riveting their imagination, and acting as a loving guide, manual or chart . . . attracting like a magnet." In the end this magnetic personage destroys his invention and dies, the heroine at his side "like a guardian angel, with drenched violet eyes," and the reader is left to recover as he may from the administration of such a dose of Marie Corelli and water.

STELLA FREGELIUS. By R. Rider Haggard. (Longmans. 6s.) This conflict between the wholesome and unwholesome is described by the author as a "tale of three destinies," and offered apologetically as a "modest story," in no sense a romance, or of the character perhaps expected. The author's name, however, on the title page ensures a story of unusual interest and characterisation always clear. But the problem itself—the possible conflict which may exist between earthly duty and spiritual desire—is uncomfortable. To put the matter clearly, Morris Monk, a young electrical engineer, of ancient lineage but bankrupt estate, is to be married, at the urgent suggestion of his father, to a really charming cousin, Mary Porson, an heiress. And then, unhappily, Stella, a parson's daughter, of Norse ancestry, penniless and a mystic, is cast up on the shore and forced to take refuge in Monk's house. The earthly duty in this instance is very clearly defined, and is as pleasant a lot as can well fall to mortal man: the projected nuptials call for no life-long renunciation; there is genuine affection both sides. On the other hand, the spiritual desire is unnecessary in kind, and obviously disastrous in effect. Conflict number one is determined by the drowning of Stella, and Monk is at liberty to marry Mary. Monk is happy in his married life, but the memory of the dead remains; the lid of the domestic cauldron is well screwed down, but the flame of a possible and spiritual indiscretion grows in strength. The author somewhat unfairly throws the blame on Mary; Monk begins to avoid his wife; to shake off her wholesome influence; to betake himself to his lonely workshop, to read old diaries, neglect food and sleep, and generally to cultivate the morbid side of life. He longs to conjure up Stella; and she comes, or he acquires the power to see her, not as a sheeted and melancholy spectre, but as his spiritual bride. We leave Monk to die, unfaithful in his madness to all that was really useful; true to his character perhaps, but false to his earthly duty, false to his manhood.

MYRA OF THE PINES. By Herman K. Viele. ("Red Cloth Library." Fisher Unwin. 6s.) The setting, at least, of this story is unusual and somewhat romantic. Given a little log house in the midst of the pine woods, eight miles from anywhere, inhabited by an absent-minded inventor who casts horoscopes for correspondents at a dollar a head, his wife who writes stories to fit illustrations and advertise articles of household interest, and Myra, their daughter, an unusually pretty girl with bronze hair, anything may happen. The only thing, as a matter of fact, that does happen is the advent of a lover for Myra, and her rejection of the well-meaning but otherwise unattractive agent for the property. We never recollect to have met before a pig woman in the pages of a book. Those who feel a curiosity as to her personality should read "Myra of the Pines." It is written in a pleasant, smooth style, and, if not particularly exciting, is nevertheless agreeably amusing. But then one cannot expect exciting things to happen in a solitary hut eight miles from anywhere.

JARWICK, THE PRODIGAL. By Tom Gallon. (Ward, Lock. 6s.) Randal Jarwick, an escaped convict and general consorter with thieves, relates his own exciting adventures in this volume. His adventures begin with his escape from prison, and end a week later with his return thereto. To say it was an exciting week is to describe it feebly. On the first day of his flight he falls in with his father, himself the daring and unscrupulous leader of a gang of thieves, posing as an eccentric philanthropist. He stumbles into the arms of his father over the corpse of a murdered man. After that adventures are fast and furious. To suit his father's plan Jarwick poses as the long-lost son of a justice of the peace, in order to enable his father's gang to rob the house. But to describe the complications and varied incidents of this story would be to re-write "Jarwick, the Prodigal." The chase after the mysterious seaman's chest which contains the body of the murdered man is reminiscent of "The Wrong Box." Jarwick's blind father, the malevolent and crafty murderer and thief, is a clever and convincing character. This story can be recommended to the reader in search of excitement.

LE SECRÉTAIRE DE MADAME LA DUCHESSE. Par Léon de Tinseau. (Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.) We have here a brightly written novel in epistolary form. The principal scene is a country house,

the residence of a duke who had repaired his finances by a marriage with the daughter of a rich iron-master. We are introduced to a house-party on a grand scale, and live for a time with persons whose most serious occupation in life is to amuse themselves. They are not, some of them, without intellectual leanings and powers, but solely frivolous ends are aimed at. We confess to feeling little interest in the persons and their doings. Even the struggles of the secretary, a good-looking, good-hearted young man of the middle class, against the many seductions of the luxurious life into which he is thrown, and against those of a fair, heartless lady, do not greatly arouse our enthusiasm. Happily catastrophes are averted, and all ends satisfactorily to the sound of marriage bells. The contrast which the author draws between middle-class virtue and aristocratic vice is, we think, too sharp. Neither class of the community has a monopoly of morals; Vauvenargues came very near the truth when he said, "The common people and the nobles have neither the same vices nor the same virtues." There are members of the aristocratic body who lead the simplest and straightest lives, exercising the best possible influence on all with whom they come in contact, while there are members of the middle class whose lives are selfish and hypocritical to the last degree. The most sympathetic characters in the novel are the duchess's son and daughter: the former is a soldier, the latter a girl in the schoolroom. They seem to combine the graces of the aristocrat with the more solid virtues of their hard-working maternal ancestors. Whether it was the author's intention to emphasise the good of such marriages as that of the duke and duchess we cannot undertake to say, but as we leave the son engaged to a rich and charming American beauty, the duchess's grandchildren will probably benefit still more by the mixture of races and temperaments.

Short Notices

SIENA. By Edmund G. Gardner. ("Mediæval Towns." Dent. 4s. 6d. net.) This study of "Siena" is worthy of the delightful series to which it belongs, and of Mr. Gardner's reputation as critic and historian. It can have been no easy task to draw into so small a compass the complex story of "soft Siena," as the wildest of Italian cities was ironically called. Mr. Gardner has, however, fulfilled his task with admirable completeness and lucidity, though at times the reader, recalling his more distinctly literary work, is inclined to regret that the strict limits of space have given him little scope for style. Even under such conditions, however, the author's distinction of touch can be felt, while the curiously apt use of Dantesque images and allusions calls to mind the fact that he is authority on all that concerns the Tuscan poet. In the little volume we have the story of Siena from the far mythic days when the smoke rose black and white from the altars of Apollo and Diana and gave the city the colours of her shield, to the time when the Republic, after its superb defence, fell before Cosimo de' Medici and the power of Spain. The chronicle is singular and fascinating, for Siena's alternations of savagery and piety, artistic luxury and mystical exaltation were as strange as was the fact that the untamed town amid its feasts and its excesses kept in its art to an unworldly idealism which mirrored little of the actual life. "These most turbulent of Italian people," writes Mr. Gardner, "who, in de Commine's phrase, 'are ever in division and govern their Commonwealth more fondly than any other town in Italy,' chose that their painters should give them an art which was exclusively the handmaid of Religion." From the confusion of the Siennese annals shines out the lofty and mystical figure of Saint Catherine, whose almost unparalleled career is treated by Mr. Gardner with very reverent sympathy. Scarcely less interesting, at least to the profane mind, is the life story of another of Siena's great citizens, Enea Silvio Piccolomini, Pope Pius II., whose extraordinary personality, at once that of poet, humanist and crusading zealot, unites and typifies so many phases of his day. Skilfully interwoven with the historic narrative, Mr. Gardner gives us an account of the churches and galleries of the city, together with much valuable art criticism. Lovers of the work of Sodoma may think the author a trifle severe on "Bazzi's beautiful melodrama," but in the main the comments are as sympathetic as they are well-grounded. The additional chapters take us to Lecceto and San Gimignano, and in these we miss the exquisite drawings by the late Miss Helen M. James which embellished the earlier portion of the book. Her beautiful work added much to the charm of a volume no less indispensable than delightful to every student of Siena.

PRACTICAL MORALS, A TREATISE ON UNIVERSAL EDUCATION. By John K. Ingram, LL.D. (Black. 3s. 6d. net.) This book is not a treatise on ethics, but a description of the Positivist conception

of Education. It is utterly impossible to believe that the book can have any influence whatever, save as an indication of the influence of the last half of the nineteenth century, which might never have said its say, as far as Dr. Ingram's book is concerned. The extraordinarily dogmatic tone of the author may be illustrated by such phrases as "encouraging in every one the vicious effort to rise above his class," "Sidereal Astronomy, which is merely matter of curiosity" and (of "Darwinism") "an unproved hypothesis, and one beset with difficulties . . . unfit to form an element of universal education." We cannot but admire a great deal that the author has to say, we cannot but recognise the great value of the work of Auguste Comte to the world—work which was a dignified, impressive and high-striving close to the pre-evolutionary epoch. It has its value even now, despite the falsification of many of his predictions and the introduction of a new conception which has utterly swept away his finely-conceived but utterly artificial system. It is to be regretted that Comte's followers should have become obsessed with the idea that nothing has been done since his time. The great Frenchman died in 1857, two years before the "Origin of Species" was published, and three years before the "System of Synthetic Philosophy" was begun. This book is deeply instructive as showing us the measure of the epoch-making achievement that began in the pregnant fifties of last century. Fortunately there is not the remotest possible chance that any one will ever be subjected to the astonishingly artificial system of education which Dr. Ingram here so pleasantly expounds.

THE TWELVE APOSTLES. By the Rev. George Milligan, B.D. **THE POST EXILIC PROPHETS.** By the Rev. J. Wilson Harper, D.D. (The "Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Handbooks." Dent.) Two useful additions to this excellent series; useful reminders to those who know much, to those who know little useful instructors.

SUFFOLK. By William A. Dutt. Illustrated by J. Wylie. ("The Little Guides." Methuen. Leather 3s. 6d. net, cloth 3s.) Of the making of guide-books there is no end, and no end could be desired if all were as portable and as full of information as these little guides. Mr. Dutt, as was to be expected, has done his duty well by one of the most interesting of our Eastern counties. The illustrations and the map add greatly to the value of the volume.

EFFEUILLEMENTS. Par Hélène de Zuyten de Nyevelt. (Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 4 frs.) A bare two score poems go to make up a charming volume of good paper, clear type and pleasant photographic reproductions. The poetess has grace, delicacy, and much felicity of diction. Such verses as "Palette automnale" and "Une Chauve-Souris passe" are as clever as need be, and the haunting charm of "Rebellion," headed with a Byronic quotation, has a quaintness and suggestive profundity which prove the artist in words. Many of the poems are prefaced by quotations from English writers, such as Keats, Shakespeare and Shelley, which should enhance the interest of the book for English readers.

PRINCESSE AVRIL. Par Théodore Maurer. (Se trouve à Paris en la Maison des Poètes. 1 fr.) A tiny garland of very delicate verse. The poem which gives its name to the booklet opens with these lines:—

"Frère Princesse Avril, ton doux nom de légende
Seyait à ta beauté délicate de fleur.
Sœur du lys virginal, tu lui pris sa paleur
Pour t'en aller vers Dieu comme une pure offrande."

Other poems such as "La Terre fleurie" and "La mère berce l'enfant" fully carry on the high promise given in M. Maurer's previous book of poems "Plaisir d'Amour"; he is by no means a "minor" French poet. Much may confidently be expected from him.

Reprints and New Editions

TANGLEWOOD TALES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne (*sic*). (Curtis 3s. net.) A pretty edition of these ever delightful tales. There is a regrettable misprint on the title page which may, however, make the volume of value to collectors.

THE POEMS AND SOME SATIRES OF ANDREW MARVELL. With an introduction and notes by Edward Wright. ("The Little Library." Methuen. 1s. 6d. net.) This reprint has a particular interest as it contains some new readings of the satires and includes the insertion of one or two long passages from MSS. sources. We are glad to find so warm an admirer and yet a keen critic in the writer of the introduction. He calls Marvell "the poet of the English country side, at that delicious moment when there is wafted upon the air of spring the odour of summer flowers." This pleasant green volume, admirably printed and containing an excellent frontispiece, should find a ready welcome.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Balmforth (Ramsden), *The Bible from the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism: The Old Testament*.....Sonnenschein 3/6
 Harper, D.D. (The Rev. J. Wilson), *The Post-Exilic Prophets*.....(Dent)
 Milligan, B.D. (George), *The Twelve Apostles*.....(")

POETRY, CRITICISM, DRAMA, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Maclean (Magnus), *The Literature of the Highlands*.....(Blackie) net 7/6
 Ithani (Ameen F.), translated and selected by, *The Quatrains of Abu'l Ala* (Richardson) net 5/0
 Rain, M.A. (Rev. Thomas), *Browning for Beginners*.....(Sonnenschein) 2/6
 Skeat (The Rev. Professor Walter W.), done into Modern English by Chaucer's "Knight's Tale or Palamon and Arcite".....(Moring) net 1/0
 Jingles, Free Trade Rhymes, Recitations, and Songs (Nottingham: Caxton Press) 0/1
 Muir (R. J.), *Plato's Dream of Wheels*.....(Unwin)
 Mantzius (Karl), translated by Louise von Co-sel, *A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times, Vol. III. The Shakespearean Period in England*.....(Duckworth) net 10/0
 Young (Ruth), *Verses*.....(Longmans) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Helmolt (Dr. H. F.), edited by, with Introductory Essay by the Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., *The World's History, A Survey of Man's Record, Vol. II. Oceania, Eastern Asia, and the Indian Ocean* (Heinemann) cloth net 15/0, leather net 21/0
 Howe (Mary) and Hall (Florence Howe), *Laura Bridgman, Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil and What He Taught Her*.....(Hodder and Stoughton) 7/6
 Gorlon (General John B.), *Reminiscences of the Civil War*.....(Constable) net 10/0
 A Faithful Minister, *A Brief Memoir of the late Rev. Walter Senior, M.A., by his Son, W.S.S.*.....(Stock) net 2/6
 Maurice (Major-Gen. Sir J. F.), edited by, *The Diary of Sir John Moore*. 2 vols. (Arnold) net 30/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Hill (Constance), *Juniper Hall, a Rendezvous of Certain Illustrious Personages during the French Revolution*.....(Lane) net 21/0

ART

- Corkran (Alice), *Frederic Leighton*.....(Methuen) net 2/6
 Great Masters, Part IX.....(Heinemann) net 5/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- Ingram, L.L.D. (John K.), *Practical Morals, a Treatise of Universal Education* (Black) net 3/6
 André, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. (Eugène), *A Naturalist in the Guianas* (Smith, Elder) net 14/0

EDUCATIONAL

- Browne, M.A., M.B. (Edward G.), *The Lubāb 'L-Albāb of Muhammad 'Awfi, Part II*.....(Lusac)
 Gardiner, M.A., D.Sc. (George B.) and Gardiner, M.A. (Andrew), *A Latin Anthology for Beginners*.....(Arnold) 2/0

MISCELLANEOUS

- Hall, M.D. (G. Rome), *The Black Fortnight, or The Invasion of 1915* (Sonnenschein) 1/0
 Rowntree (J.) and Sherwell (A.), *Principles and Methods of Direct Popular Control of the Liquor Traffic (Scotland)*.....(Macniven and Wallace) 0/3
 The Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland, *Third Annual Report 1903* (Edinburgh: Trust Offices)
 Peddie (R. A.), *List of Early Printed Books*.....(St. Bride Institute)
 Smith (R. H.), *Table of Multiplication, Division, and Proportion for the Ready Calculation of Wage Premiums, &c.*.....(Constable)
 Masse, M.A. (H. J. L. J.), *Pewter Plate, A Historical and Descriptive Handbook* (Bell) net 21/0
 Portwee (Ernest), edited by, *Routledge's XXth Century Humorous Reciter* (Routledge) 1/0
 Gilbert (Henry), edited by, *The Literary Year Book and Bookman's Directory, 1904*.....(Allen) net 5/0
 Zimmermann (Dr. H.), translated by L. Desroise, *Calculating Tables* (Asher) net 6/0

FICTION

- "Old Shropshire Life," by Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell (Lane), 6/0; "The Law of Life," by Anna McClure Sholl (Heinemann), 6/0; "Room Five," by Hamilton Drummond (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Patsey The Omdana," by M. McD. Bodkin, K.C. (Othello), 3/6; "The Master-Rogue, the Comtesse of a Croesus," by David Graham Phillips (Richards), 6/0; "Jarwick, the Prodigal," by Tom Gallon (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "In Low Water," by Nat Gould (Everett), 2/6; "Myra of the Pines," by Herman K. Viele (Unwin), 6/0; "The Pilgrimage Ball," by Anna Katherine Green (Unwin), 6/0; "The Interloper," by Violet Jacob (Heinemann), 6/0; "White Star: The Story of a Racehorse," by O. Darcy Friel (Everett), 3/6; "The Despoilers," by Edmund Mitchell (Cassell), 6/0.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- "The Merry Wives of Windsor," edited by H. O. Hart (Methuen), 3/4; "The Kingdom of God is Within You," "What Shall We Do," and "King Assarham," by Leo Tolstoy (Free Age Press), each net 0/6; "The Egregious English," by Angus McNeill (Richards), net 1/0; "The Book of Suob," by W. M. Thackeray (Richards) net 1/0; "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon, Vol. III. (Richards) net 1/0; "Critical Papers in Art," by W. M. Thackeray (Macmillan), 3/6; "Studies in Jocular Literature," by W. Carew Hazlitt (Stock), net 1/6; "Introduction to the History of Civilization in England," by H. T. Buckle, annotated by J. M. Robertson (Routledge), 5/0; "History of the London Stage and its Famous Players (1576-1903)," by H. Earton Baker (Routledge), 7/6; "Adonais," by Percy B. Shelley, faithfully reprinted from the edition of 1-21 (Methuen) net 2/0; "Leviathan," by Thomas Hobbes, edited by A. R. Waller (Cambridge Press), net 4/6; "The Odyssey of Homer in English Verse," by A. S. Way, M.A. (Macmillan), net 6/0; "Great Expectations," and "Hard Times," by Charles Dickens (Macmillan), 2/6; "Edgar Allan Poe's Tales: A Selection" (Cassell), net 0/6; "An Agnostic's Apology," by Sir Leslie Stephen (Watts & Co.), 0/6.

PERIODICALS

- "The Atlantic Monthly," "The Printer and Collector," "The Royal," "The Independent," "The Smart Set," "The Girl's Realm," "Ulula: the Manchester Grammar School Magazine," "Pall Mall Magazine," "The Woman at Home."

Foreign

POETRY, CRITICISM, DRAMA, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Spente (E.), Novalis, *Essai sur l'Idealisme Romantique en Allemagne* (Paris: Hachette)
 Cazamian (Louis), *Le Roman Social en Angleterre (1830-1850)* Dickens, Disraeli, Mrs. Gaskell, Kingsley.....(Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie) 7.50 frs.
 Palastra, XXXVI, Thomas Deloney, Von Dr. Richard Sievers (Berlin: Mayer and Müller) 6.60 marks
 Neundorff, Pr. Phil. (Bernhard), *Entstehungsgeschichte von Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield*.....(Berlin: Mayer and Müller) 2 marks

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

ALL admirers of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, and more especially those of limited means, will heartily welcome the edition announced by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited. This is an oblong 4to. (11½ by 8½), priced at 10s. 6d. net, whereas copies of the original fetch, to-day, anything from £100 to £850 when they are sold at auction. A newly devised method has made it possible, in surface printing, to follow more closely than ever before the marvellous subtlety and harmony of tone of the originals: an excellence which was due to the manner of their production, in which great leading lines were etched in, chiefly by the master himself, after which the plates were worked upon in mezzotint by others, but always under Turner's own supervision. There will be a short historical introduction by Mr. C. F. Bell, of the Ashmolean Museum, an acknowledged authority on the subject.—The Astolat Press will issue next month two additional volumes in the popular "Oakleaf" series of reprints, viz., "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by J. R. Lowell, and "The Story of the Holy Grail" from Malory.—The same publishers also have in preparation an edition of Milton's *Poems* in one volume, illustrated by Mr. William Hyde, with original etchings, mezzotints and engravings on copper.—"Hellenism and Macedonia," by Dr. Néoclès Kasasis, Rector of Athens University, which Mr. Keith Thomas will publish next week, seeks to show in concrete form the true state of affairs in Macedonia.—Mr. Earl Hodgson is giving, in a book to be published next week by A. and C. Black, the result of his long experience in trout fishing. The wind, the light, the temperature and other atmospheric conditions are considered in a manner which, though novel, the publishers deem to be in the right vein and convincing. Inset at the beginning of the volume is a model book of flies for stream and lake, arranged according to the months. The flies, numbering fully 150, are all reproduced in colour facsimile.—Under the title of "A Bush Honeymoon and Other Australian Stories," Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish on February 29 a volume by Mrs. Palmer Archer, a Queensland writer who will now make her first appearance before the English public.—On February 29 Mr. Unwin will publish in his "Red Cloth" Library a new volume of stories by Mr. Louis Becke, "Chinkies' Flat."—A new Yorkshire periodical in the interest of local antiquities and customs, more particularly of the West Riding, is to be commenced in March. It will be issued monthly, and will be entitled "Yorkshire Notes and Queries," and published by Mr. Elliot Stock.—Messrs. Harper and Brothers will publish shortly an important work by Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun entitled "Greater America." This work, on which Mr. Colquhoun has been engaged for the past two years revisiting many portions of "Greater America" and renewing his acquaintance with the United States, presents the Great Republic of the New World in a new light.—Mrs. John Lane has now followed up her article on "American Wives and English Husbands" which appeared in the "Fortnightly" some years ago, by another on "Entertaining" for the March number of the same review.

Egomet

I HAVE to my surprise received many letters from unknown correspondents concerning these my egotistical outpourings. Will the writers of these kindly notes permit me not only to thank them, but to say that I feel towards them as if they were my friends? When first I began to write these egometistical notes I feared that they would be of interest to myself alone and it is gratifying to find that they have appealed to kindred souls. We booklovers, after all, are citizens of a great republic of letters, a republic where poverty is not counted a crime and where wealth is welcomed chiefly as a means of purchasing books, a republic that admits no distinctions of country or of race, a republic where rank does not exist and where the only qualification for citizenship is the love of books.

Between citizens of this world-wide republic should not liberty, fraternity and equality ever exist? Liberty to love each other even though we be personally unacquainted, liberty to read and to admire all good literature or only that portion of it which may appeal to our individual tastes, liberty to say our say of the writers we worship without giving offence to those whose opinions do not coincide with our own. Fraternity, for all booklovers are brothers, who do not quarrel as brothers are wont to do, brothers who may live together in amity however great may be the differences of taste and judgment. Over politics, over religion, over one question and another of more or less importance, men have ever and will ever dispute with rancour, but in the republic of letters, while there must be differences, all of us can agree to differ and to meet with a kindly good humour the vagaries of our brothers.

Equality too; all bookmen are equal however varied their abilities may chance to be, equal in that they all love books and find sustenance in them. Our literary as our physical digestions are not equally robust, but that matters not; books are food for the mind to all of us, therein we are equal as all men are equal in that they must eat to live, though many live to eat. All bookmen read to live, for the mind of a bookman calls for sustenance as well as his body, and many bookmen live to read, of which number I confess I am one. The murmur of the world is a noise to me; the hearts of men and women interest me more than the rise and fall of empires or the

clash of arms. Where better can I learn the secret heart of men and women than in the books they have written? Read between the lines every book contains something of autobiography. My circle of friends and of acquaintances is reasonably large, yet how little compared with the number of men and women in the world and how difficult it is to pierce beneath the mask that covers the face of the dearest friend.

But books present to me a picture of human nature, past and present, if therein there lies any difference, varied, subtle and unlimited. Study the works of any great writer as the outpouring of a man's or of a woman's soul and heart. Therein to me lies the wonder of books. Shakespeare to me is no mere poet, no mere playwright, no superhuman phenomenon as so many critics would have him be; but a fellow man and a fellow sinner, a fellow of infinite jest, of infinite heart, of infinite feeling; a man like myself who knew sorrow and joy, hope and disappointment; not a god but a god-like man. As I walk the streets of this noisy modern London I often have him by my side and what a companion he is! I walk with him not this noisy modern city, but the busy, bustling country-town London in which he dwelt; now and again we stand before some famous building—the Tower, the Temple, the Abbey Church of Westminster—and he tells me tales of the brave days of old, brave days but brutal, putting heart and life into the dry bones of history. Or we step into a tavern, and he points out to me, as we drink our sack or our Rhenish, the jolly folk amid whom we sit—Falstaff, Prince Hal, Ben Jonson, Bardolf, Kit Marlowe, Burbage, Dame Quickly and many another. Or of a night, as the chimes are sounding from the church towers and the moon rides high, he breathes into me the spirit of poetry, the mystic beauty of the silver Thames, the night shadows of men's souls, the pathos of the sleeping town, the loves, the hates, the despairs of human souls. O rare Will Shakespeare!

Such is he to me, such in less degree are others. To what do they stand to you, who with kindly eye read these lines and write to me as friends? If books are to you what they are to me, let us shake hands as brother bookmen and fellow citizens.

E. G. O.

Sir Leslie Stephen

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN had the double advantage of both being and looking a Man of Letters. His face, even when he was a Cambridge don, had the pale cast of thought; he exaggerated the stoop of the student; he wore the locks of the poet. In later years, when he walked from his house at Kensington Gore to the Athenaeum—with a ground-devouring tread reminiscent of the days when he stalked from Cambridge to London, fifty miles, in twelve hours—he was recognised as an evident personality, a literary one and a picturesque one. A dozen years or more ago, strangers familiar with the portraits of authors thought, at first flash, that Tennyson had passed them. But the two men were not really alike, except in their unlikeness to all others. When they were seen together—say when the poet was declaring that Jane Austen was next to Shakespeare in English literature—they must have looked as different from each other in their faces as they assuredly were in their critical

judgments. For Sir Leslie Stephen, if not a supreme critic, was at least a sane one.

The son of Sir James Stephen who was as great a talker and in some moods as great a bore, as he was a great organiser and great tyrant at the Colonial Office ("Mr. Over-Secretary Stephen"), Leslie went with his brother FitzJames to Eton; then to King's College (where F. D. Maurice was a professor); and on to Cambridge where, in 1854, he was elected to a Tutorial Fellowship at Trinity Hall—a post for which he qualified himself by taking Orders, as did his friend, Henry Fawcett, a couple of years later. So far as he had a religious history, it came to the end of a chapter in 1863; and he wrote the "Finis" with a cool and steady hand. Looking back in later life he said that it cost him no regret to part with the Christian creed—a confession which singularly divides him from nearly all those contemporaries of his among Men of Letters who have suffered religious catastrophe or even

experienced religious development. Newman, for instance, felt that "life was over" when the wrench came that took him from the Anglican to the Roman communion; and Renan blended tears with his ink when he wrote, in words that move even those who have never believed, of the old time when the Litany of the Blessed Virgin made music in his ear and in his heart. Sir Leslie Stephen said that his own parting with Christ cost him no grief; and that, I think, must be held to be, among the "notes" of his personal character, the most salient note of all. His grandfather on his mother's side was the Rev. John Venn, of the Clapham school of Evangelicals; his grandfather on his father's side was a lawyer who shared likewise the religious and philanthropic sentiments of his friend Wilberforce—a devout follower of the "Clapham sect"; and his father, too—we have it on the authority of his greatest intimate, Sir Henry Taylor—was "fervently religious." Leslie Stephen could break therefore with late as well as with early traditions, and yet feel no pang; nor could he have wept, like Newman, after his Ordination vows, at "the thought of what he had then become." Perhaps this insensibility was not unconnected with his lack of the love of association—he did not care, he said, to look at a cottage because Wordsworth happened to have lived in it.

Yet in other respects heredity had its full share of influence on his life. Many secular advantages came to him as his father's son, advantages of friendships among the rest. Even the fact that he was Thackeray's son-in-law added a final touch to his marvellous fitness for the editorship of the "Cornhill Magazine." He held that post between the years 1871 and 1883. There and in the "Pall Mall Gazette" and the "Saturday Review" he published the admirable papers which, when issued in volume form, established him as a writer with whom readers were happy to spend "Hours in a Library," and in whose company they could recur to the "History of Thought in the Eighteenth Century"—a century with which his own turn of mind had much in common. His editorship of the first volumes—about a third of the whole—of the "Dictionary of National Biography" threw, at the last, these earlier experiences into the background; but they were his happy ones. The end of his "Cornhill" editorship, when it came, was accelerated by his amiability. He hated the editorial necessity of saying "No" to friends, and to friends' friends, and to the friends of the friends of friends.

One "mark" of his magazine editorship should be remembered. Great writers, in its pages, had been allowed to break through the rule of anonymity with full signatures. Leslie Stephen established a sort of second grade—to the young and little known writer of particular merit should be conceded his initials; and that is how we first met with "R. L. S." at the foot of a "Cornhill" article on "Victor Hugo's Romances," an article of which Stevenson used to declare (surely paying tribute to the sympathy and the understanding of the dictator-editor) that it was the first of his in which he had found himself able to say things in the way he felt they ought to be said. Mr. Sidney Colvin introduced Leslie Stephen to Stevenson; and there is an ever fresh pathos, which no perversity has power to disturb, in the familiar letter of Stevenson's about his first meeting with Henley, written in Edinburgh in 1874: "Yesterday Leslie Stephen, who was down here to lecture, called on me and took me up to see a poor fellow, a poet who writes for him, and who has been eighteen months in our infirmary. It was very sad to see him there in a little room with two beds, and a couple of sick children in the other bed. Stephen and I sat on a couple of chairs, and the poor fellow sat up in his bed with his head and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a king's palace, or the great King's palace of the blue air." Leslie Stephen mourned when the Henley article came to

undo, as it seemed, that good day's work. Perhaps it consoled him for his failure to effect, what he once planned, a visit from Stevenson to Carlyle. When Stephen went to Chelsea with the proposal that he should, on some future occasion, bring a young Scot who was keen to meet Carlyle, and who had taken to the study of Knox, the sage would only grunt that he did not see why anybody should want either to see his "wretched old carcase," or to say anything more about Knox. By a strange coincidence, Leslie Stephen was down to speak at a dinner of his favourite Alpine Club on the evening of the day on which the news of Stevenson's death darkened London; and he spoke of that passing away with an emotion which many who knew him only in his work have felt this week in hearing of his own.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

Science

The Yellow Peril—or Promise

I AM certain that some readers of my article of last week may have felt that I was taking a great deal for granted in speaking so confidently of a future fusion of the white and yellow races. Whilst giving my insignificant assent to Spencer's advice that the Japanese should, for the present, avoid inter-marriage with Europeans, I yet declared that such inter-marriages would one day be a matter of common occurrence, and hinted at the entire desirability of the event. As for the "Yellow Peril," the assertion of which is the latest move of the Continental press, and of which we have heard much lurid and foolish talk in time past, I made not so much as an allusion to it.

But the question is well worthy of discussion, and highly in need of consideration in a somewhat more reasoned manner than that to which we are accustomed. For if, indeed, there be a Yellow Peril, then it is a peril indeed—to us, if not to the future of humanity; whilst if there be not, there must certainly be alternatives well worthy of the gravest thought.

The present talk of the Yellow Peril, whilst unconsciously dealing with an essentially scientific subject, has all the characters that distinguish the ideas of any untrained mind. Most notably of all, it starts with an unproved assumption which, if disposed of, leaves it without any trace of a foundation in facts. The assumption, of course, is that a racial war—I use the word war in the usual sense—is the inevitable result of a racial awakening such as we anticipate for the Mongolian. But before anyone expects to be seriously regarded in this matter, before he has any right whatever to further hearing, he must first either demonstrate or give reasonable grounds for the probability that racial war is the inevitable consequence of the modernisation of the Mongol. And, to accomplish this, he obviously must consider all the possible alternatives, and give reasons for regarding them as less likely than that against which he would warn us. Now at least three possibilities are patent to the meanest mind. (It is not a high order of intellect, but merely a logical and scientific method of approaching the question that is here needed.) Thus the white race may exterminate—or subjugate—the yellow as the consequence of a racial war, or the yellow may exterminate—or subjugate—the white, or the two may fuse without war. Before we indulge in wild speculation about the Yellow Peril we must dispose of the first and third of these possibilities—not to mention others, such as the likelihood that each race has its appointed term, and that without any yellow invasion, the white race may come, by inevitable law, to a natural end produced by internal causes. I submit that this way of approaching the subject is no more or less than reasonable, and that the conclusions to which some protagonists of Russia are at present rushing, have precisely the worth that attaches to all conclusions based upon unproved assumptions.

Now, as to the first possibility—that the white race will exterminate, or subjugate, the yellow—there is at least one most significant fact which is, at all times and in almost all connexions, worth remembering. It is that the birth-rate in nearly all “civilised” countries—that is to say, the birth-rate amongst white races—has been falling for many years past, and is steadily, generally and perhaps inevitably falling to-day. Sorry indeed should I be to attempt the task of explaining this phenomenon; but I certainly believe that it is not a symptom of an inevitable race-decadence, but that it is, on the contrary, a preventible and largely voluntary consequence of our present mode of civilised life. There is absolutely no evidence whatever in favour of the view that a similar phenomenon is to be observed in China and Japan. There is, on the contrary, every reason to believe that the yellow race is increasing, at the present time, more rapidly than the white. Numbers, of course, are not everything; but at this stage in Far Eastern events there is no need to observe that the brains are not wanting to the race which might have received the promise to Abraham. It multiplies as the “sands of the sea,” but these yellow sands run to brains as well as grit. Wherefore I believe that the white race has small promise of exterminating—or subjugating—the yellow.

The argument at present, therefore, is in favour of the Yellow Peril, and would perhaps be welcomed as conclusive by anyone to whom the third alternative had not presented itself. But we must not forget it. Perhaps we may hazard the guess that European civilisation will make less prolific the race that adopts it, just as it has lessened the fecundity of the race which credits itself—I understand—with having invented it. (We may remember that our civilisation was born in Western Asia, and not in Greece, as the Hellenists would no doubt have us believe.) Let us grant, then, that the rate of increase of white and of yellow may ultimately become very similar. What is to happen? Well, if you believe—which I do not—that the white race is already nearing the term of its career, nothing better could happen for the world than that, by an infusion of new blood, it should be rejuvenated, or, at any rate, that the best elements of its life should be represented in a new World Race. But if you do not believe that the white race is already thus dying of old age, and if you recognise, as you must, that war plays, as the centuries pass, an ever lessening part in the world drama, and that it is in the highest degree improbable that white and yellow should regard such an appalling criterion as desirable or even conceivable, then you are left with the alternative of peaceful fusion. Already this process has begun in the treaty ports of Japan, and in Tokio. If you believe that each race would prefer war to fusion you deny the lesson of the past that race-hatred, strong as it still is, yet is characteristic of a primitive stage and of primitive peoples. It has played a great part—like war, its offspring—but science has pronounced its doom. Science has given us means of communication which are daily and rapidly reducing the size of the planet on which we live. Race-hatred, the product of ignorance, misunderstanding, lack of appreciation of each other's past, and utter absence of the conceptions that science has given us, is a thing doomed—thank Heaven—to die. Science looks for the day—of its own bringing—when humanity shall have a single consciousness and a united front in the last war—in which union will indeed be strength, as disunion in the past has been impotence—the war which man will wage, with a success of which the history of his evolution from the dust is a guarantee, against the evils within and the evils without—or, in other words, against that which must be conquered in the heredity and environment that have produced him.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

It is not often that the dramatic critic pays two consecutive visits to the theatre and is rewarded by being provided with ample food for thought and with two interesting, human plays. Yet such was the good fortune that came to me last week, the two plays being the adaptation of M. Brieux' “*La Robe Rouge*” under the title of “*The Arm of the Law*” and Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's original play “*A Man of Honour*.” Each piece is an earnest and almost entirely successful attempt to deal with real problems of life and in each the situations are natural, the characters truly drawn and the dialogue terse and effective.

“*THE ARM OF THE LAW*” possesses no love story, but deals with a phase of French law, which may be summed up as the examination of prisoners before trial by the examining magistrate, which, if M. Brieux' picture be true, is a relic of the mediæval examination by torture, mental in place of physical. Mouzon, an examining magistrate, has but one object in life—self-aggrandisement, which he can most easily achieve by bringing malefactors to book and by permitting no crime to pass by without someone having been punished for it. Being without a conscience he sets to work to prove Etchepare guilty of a murder of which he is in reality guiltless, and but for the conscience of Vagret, the public prosecutor, would have succeeded in doing so by means the most despicable. In the examination preceding the trial Mouzon uses every effort to make Etchepare confess, he tortures the wretched man and his wife in a manner truly fiendish. In the end despite Mouzon the prisoner is acquitted, but at the trial a past sin of the wife, Yanetta, is brought to light for the unholy purpose of breaking down the prisoner and of prejudicing him with the jury, the result being that Etchepare throws his wife from him with rage and contumely. The play holds the attention from first to last; our sympathies are played upon and—the one real blot upon the piece—our horror is aroused, it being questionable whether any dramatist is justified in bringing horror before our eyes. In any case the physical violence, once or twice too apparent, should have been avoided. Another matter with which I find fault is the concluding scene in which Yanetta murders Mouzon. It is melodramatic and unnecessary; the close of the play would be finer, more truly tragic if the curtain fell upon the pathetic figure of the abandoned Yanetta. The scene is laid in Mauleon, a small town situated on the French borders of the Lower Pyrenees.

Of the acting in “*The Arm of the Law*” it would be difficult to speak too highly. Mr. Arthur Bouchier is excellent throughout as Mouzon, every gesture and word is true and effective, he has created a sinister figure which will linger long in the memory; Miss Violet Vanbrugh is very good as Yanetta, but her passions would be made more real if there were occasional periods of calm amid the storm and stress, a few notes of restrained agony amid the outbursts of rage and despair. No one who has watched his previous performances will be surprised at the success of Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw in the difficult part of Etchepare, difficult in that it might so easily have been overacted. Mr. Robertshaw shows great discretion and acts with sincerity and power.

LOVERS of good plays and good acting should hold it their duty to support such plays as “*The Arm of the Law*” and “*A Man of Honour*”; the dramatist who takes his

art seriously and does indeed hold up the mirror to nature has a claim to encouragement which should not be denied by those who wish well to the theatre. If Mr. Maugham has not written a perfect play in "A Man of

could by no effort make happy, and then he would have had our entire sympathy and best wishes. But it is almost ungracious to complain at all concerning such a fine work, upon which we may base the hope that Mr. Maugham may prove to be the dramatist for whom we have so long been calling.



Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT

[An early photograph taken Birmingham in the 'sixties.]

Honour," he has, at any rate, written one which is very interesting, suggestive, and full of promise. His theme is an old one—are there any new themes in life? Old but treated with freshness and truth to human nature. Basil Kent considers it incumbent on him as a man of honour to marry Jenny Bush, a barmaid, although he does not love her and is more than half in love with Mrs. Murray, a wealthy widow. The marriage turns out a failure, the couple are thoroughly incompatible; Kent's passion for Mrs. Murray increases and is returned; the wife discovers that "there is no room for her," commits suicide, and Kent is left free, though what use he makes of his freedom we are left to guess. This sketch of the plot reads commonplace, but the play is anything but that, only commonplace so far as the realities of life can be called so. The tragedy, for it is such, marches on with the sure step of fate, stage conventionalities are absent, each character works out his or her fortune, and the spectators watch the play as they would watch, sympathise with, and share in a tragedy in the lives of those with whom they mix in everyday life. It is painful but it is true. The only fault I have to find is that Mr. Maugham has chosen the wrong man for the central figure; Kent should have had a stronger moral fibre; having taken up his burden he should have proved strong enough to bear it, to the degree, at any rate, of concealing his passion for the second woman. He could have separated from his wife, with whom it was impossible for him to live and whom he

Good plays make good actors, and there were several good performances in "A Man of Honour." Mr. Ben Webster did not shirk anything in the part of Basil Kent, he brought out clearly the many sides of the character; Miss Muriel Wylford was absolutely true as Fanny, never exaggerating the pathos or the emotion: a really memorable performance; and Mr. George Trollope was admirable as the despicable cockney cad, James Bush; all, indeed, were good. Again, let us hope that such a play and such acting will meet with due and prompt reward of popular success.

THE performances of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Court Theatre go far to prove that sumptuous mounting is not necessary for an interesting production of a Shakespeare play. But Mr. J. H. Leigh should have taken a little more care and have used greater taste in the selection of his scenery; magnificence is not called for, but discretion and artistic sense are needed. The Hall of Capulet's House and Juliet's Chamber show how much can be done and what beauty achieved by simple means. The acting is on the whole fairly good, the actors speak their words clearly and enter into the spirit of their parts. Mr. Charles Lander, however, lacks passion, his love is but cold; on the other hand Miss Thirza Norman is really charming as Juliet and Juliet should charm us. She is girlish, sweet-voiced, and pretty, rousing in us a deep sympathy for her pitiful fate. A Juliet to see and to remember.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE hit upon a theme for an excellent farce and Mr. Harrison Rhodes persuaded him to utilise it for a light comedy in three acts; or was it the reverse way? Collaboration presents difficulties to the critic who would rightly apportion blame or praise, not that in the case of "Captain Dieppe" there is much call for the latter. It is all so old-fashioned and so full of stage conventions: compromising letters, coincidences, detectives, black-haired villains, unnatural misunderstandings, jealous husbands, flirtatious wives and so on and so forth. The scenery is quite beautiful.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER's work always demands attention and is always interesting. A new five-act drama, "Der Einsame Weg" (The Lonely Road) has just been produced at the Deutsche Theatre, Berlin. It both attracts and repels us. It presents the tragic history of two men, each an egotist in a different way, who have gone through life destroying instead of building up, and thus when they begin to grow old and to feel a need of human sympathy and affection, cannot win it anywhere. The underlying moral teaches that unselfishness and kindness towards others are sure to bring forth fruit, while lack of such qualities lead to the lonely desert. Needless to say the play was perfectly acted.

MR. J. M. BARRIE's "Quality Street," called "Im Stillen Gässchen" in the German version, had but a moderate success at Leipzig.

FRENCH playgoers must be getting somewhat tired of anti-semitism on the stage. "Décadence," M. Guinon's

new play just brought out at the Vaudeville, should have been called "The Two Races." But the plot is really only an old friend with a new face. Formerly the daughter of a ruined nobleman, who had mortgaged all his property, married a rich ironmaster to set things right. Now she marries—at least in stageland—a rich Jew. Guignon certainly shows quite impartially the faults of both sorts of people, the pampered aristocrat and the self-satisfied Jew. Their words are always violent, and their actions weak. The last act is the best where the rich husband points out to his aristocratic wife, who loathes poverty, how very poor she will be if she deserts him for her lover, the marquis. He succeeds in winning her back, the material part of her that is, but her soul belongs to the marquis. The play is, of course, thoroughly well acted by the Vaudeville Company.

"LA BOULE," the *chef d'œuvre* of Meilhac and Halévy, is to be revived shortly at the Variétés, after an interval of fifteen years, with a splendid cast.

JANE HADING has just given four performances—"La Châtelaine," "Frou-Frou," "La Princesse Georges," and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—with immense success at the Royal Theatre, Athens. The last was a veritable triumph.

A FLEMISH version of Schiller's "Maria Stuart" has been attracting large audiences to the Flemish Theatre in Brussels.

MUTTER LANDSTRASSE. DAS ENDE EINER JUGEND. Schauspiel in drei Aufzügen von Wilhelm Schmidt-Bonn. (Berlin: Fleischel. 1m.)

THE tone and mood of an old folk-song breathes through this little prose play. It is the work rather of a poet than of a dramatist, and of a youthful poet. It depicts the return of a prodigal son who was not received with feasting and rejoicing. The scene in which his father brutally tells him it is hunger, and not love and remorse, which has driven him home, is full of point and insight. He shows Hans how his carelessness, his want of consideration for others, has brought suffering and misery on those he pretends to love, on his father, his mother, his wife, his child. Finally the father offers to take charge of the wife and child, but for Hans he will do nothing, he must wander farther along the road; and it is only then that Hans seems to realise that the fault of it all lies with himself. Trude, the wife, ill and hungry as she is, at first refuses to separate herself from her husband, whom she passionately loves, despite his misdoings. But at length Hans decides to go, and takes a pathetic farewell of Trude while she sleeps the sleep of exhaustion. He hears the Minstrel calling to him in his music:—

How beautifully you play, Minstrel! You ought to stand in a richly furnished and brilliantly lighted hall, and there draw such sounds from your fiddle, instead of wandering along the road in torn shoes. What is there in the open road that makes a man like you set it above everything on earth? How beautifully you play! What is all the suffering that comes from men compared with the everlasting peace that comes from those sounds. . . . The Minstrel tells me clearly that it's the open road which passes before your door. I will traverse it, over the hills, and see what lies behind them. That's the last consolation for such as I am. Those whom men cast out, the white road receives. It shall accept me as a son. There is the empire over which I am king, there am I as free as a bird. There are meadows and sunshine and the song of birds, and all is mine. Where

I please, I lay myself down in the grass and look up to the sky. I accompany any one I choose a little way and gladly listen to him, and if none smiles a welcome at me, I continue alone. Every mountain spring is mine, and all the fruit.

At times bald realism prevails in the talk, at others, as the above example sufficiently shows, the author lets his characters give voice to their inmost feelings in the most poetical language. Indeed, it is just the beauty of the words and of the sentiment that lies behind them that inclines us to forget the lack of true dramatic and psychological development. As to characterisation, the author is perhaps most successful with the women and with the wandering minstrel who, with a benign wisdom, observes mankind. And yet not without subtlety is it indicated that Hans, despite his worthlessness, wins plenty of love: from women, from casual travellers on the road, from his father's dogs who refuse to harm him, and from the servants who refuse to turn him out by violent means, even at their master's bidding. The atmosphere of the little play reminds us of Maeterlinck. Its charm is indubitable. We remember reading a little while ago an English novel, "The Winding Road," by Elizabeth Godfrey, that made on us much the same impression as this German play.

Musical Notes

THE controversy which has been waged in a contemporary concerning the music of Brahms has been interesting and instructive. The correspondent who maintained that those who cannot perceive the beauty of Brahms' music had no right to speak on the subject was going too far in saying this, of course. As Mr. R. A. Streatfeild properly pointed out, it is not only the function but the duty of the critic to express his own opinions whether these be right or wrong and whether they have the support of established authority or not. But while one may admit that any one has a perfect right to call Brahms' music dull or dreary or dismal, or anything else, it is equally indisputable that such an one must be an object of sincere pity to those more happily constituted in this respect.

No doubt much nonsense has been written concerning Brahms by some of his more extravagant worshippers. No doubt, too, it is still too early to determine what position in relation to the greater masters Brahms will ultimately take. No doubt, further, he did put his name to many compositions which have little but their technical excellence to commend them. To represent that everything which Brahms wrote is of equal or of enduring value is absurd. But every composer has a right to be judged by his best, and when one calls to mind the glorious compositions in almost every form to be numbered among those which Brahms left the world, it becomes matter for sheer amazement that anyone possessed of any musical perceptions at all should fail to be moved by these. When one thinks of such chamber works as the B flat quartet, the clarinet quintet, and the first sextet, of such orchestral music as that contained in any of the symphonies, or of such choral music as the German Requiem supplies, or of such songs as "Wo bist du meine Königin," or "Meine Liebe ist grün," or "So willst du des Armen," or scores of others which might be named, it is hard indeed to resist the conclusion that the anti-Brahmsites must really be tone deaf.

MOREOVER while conceding theoretically the right of every musician to his own opinion on such matters there are limits even here. If one were to come forward for example and declare, as a musician, that he found

Beethoven, say, insupportable and reckoned him a wholly overrated master, one would admire his courage but would hardly respect his critical faculty. He would be perfectly justified in saying these things if he thought them. At the same time he would be giving himself away as an authority upon the art. Only a rabid partisan would attempt to place Brahms on the same footing as Beethoven. Yet there are certain works of Brahms, such as those above named and many more, inability to enjoy which seems to me hardly more inexplicable—I have in mind of course the case of cultivated musicians—than inability to appreciate Beethoven or Mozart.

In this matter of composers and their worth, it is not always realised that even in the case of the greatest masters it is only authority after all which establishes their fame—the consensus of opinion on the subject, that is to say, on the part of educated musicians. Neither the excellence nor the worthlessness of any music can be scientifically demonstrated. There is no means of actually proving that the C minor symphony, say, is a greater composition than the "Washington Post." It is open to anyone to maintain the contrary if he feels disposed to do so. And by way of reply it can only be pointed out that the majority of cultivated musicians are against his view. Which is, of course, the argument of authority and nothing else. While, therefore, to come back to the point from which I started, every man is entitled to his own opinions concerning Brahms or Beethoven or Sousa, or any other composer, it is none the less pertinent and proper to cite against him the counter opinions of acknowledged judges in order to convince him of the error of his ways.

"AMORELLE," the latest of the musical pieces (words by Mr. Barton White and music by M. Gaston Serpette), is not a very notable addition to the list, but in the person of Mr. Willie Edouin it enjoys the services of a comedian who may be trusted in due course to make the most of what, at present, can only be regarded as a somewhat unpromising part. On the opening night matters went very heavily, it must be confessed. But one would never think of pronouncing judgment on a musical comedy on the strength of its first performance, which properly should be regarded merely in the light of an experimental sketch to be worked on at will by all concerned until the desired result has been attained. When such needful changes have been made in the case of "Amorelle," no doubt with the aid of such popular artists as Miss Mabelle Gilman, Miss Claire Romaine, Mr. Sydney Barraclough and others, it will develop into a sufficiently amusing entertainment.

In one of the musical comedies now running, a syndicate is described as a "large body of men entirely surrounded by money." It is interesting to read that such an organization has been created with a view to obtaining control of the various operatic houses in Italy. Precisely how this rather considerable undertaking is to be accomplished on the strength of a modest capital of £4,000 is not indicated. But the statement is interesting as affording evidence of the fact that even in operatic Italy, where the subsidy system prevails, the result has not been all that could be wished. In point of fact the tendency of recent years has been all against the continuance of these grants in aid—various towns which formerly granted subsidies having latterly discontinued them. For particulars whereof see the recently issued Return.

A PARODY of Tchaikowsky's "1812" overture in the shape of an "Overture Anti-solenelle, 1903," is a feature of the current programme, I notice, at the Palace Theatre. The composer is given as one Finckowsky, whom it is not too speculative perhaps to assume to be related to Mr. Herman Finck, the capable conductor of the orchestra at that attractive place of entertainment. In which connection is it not rather surprising that musical *jeux d'esprit* of this order are not more frequently attempted? Why should the skit and the parody be confined to literature? When will a musical humourist arise who shall do for the art of Wagner and Richard Strauss what Calverley, Seaman, and a score of others have done for the art of Tennyson and Browning. There would assuredly be no lack of material. Such things are done in private, of course, and occasionally in public by the popular entertainer. But why are they never published?

SOME of my readers may be glad to be reminded that the usual performance of Bach's "St. John" Passion music are being given on Fridays throughout Lent at St. Anne's, Soho. It is rather deplorable that in London we should be more or less dependent for such performances on the efforts of a small church choir and a scratch orchestra. But the enterprise displayed in the preparation of these special services at St. Anne's year after year, under the direction of the church's accomplished organist Mr. E. H. Thorne, is deserving of heartiest recognition. It was, I believe, the late Sir Joseph Barnby who originated these particular performances, which goes to remind one of the useful truth that the good, as well as the evil, which men do occasionally lives after them.

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THE TATLER

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Art Notes

I was glad to see that the Old Water-Colour Society had elected with Mr. Sargent and Mr. Tuke and Mr. Cameron, so exquisite an artist, and poet in his art, as Mr. Cadogan Cowper. Mr. Sargent it would be ridiculous to praise at the summit of his high career; and Mr. Tuke's open-air painting is as well known as Mr. Cameron's etchings and largely handled water colours with their rich warm yellow, brown, and scarlet preferences. But Mr. Cadogan Cowper is an artist's artist; and I fancy that most people will raise eyebrows of inquiry at his name. Yet he is one of our few living poetic painters. His six months' of assistantship to Mr. Edwin Abbey have been a happy completion to his schooling at the Academy. There was just the chance that his exquisite and graceful art and his dainty fancy might escape the rewards of public appreciation; but his election to the Old Water-Colour Society is a happy augury of his future success, and he deserves early recognition.

At the Fine Art Society's rooms in Bond Street may be seen an interesting little collection of water-colours by Mr. Wilfrid Ball, showing his wonted dexterity and skill and quickness of vision. In the other rooms there is on view a remarkably fine collection of engravings and drawings of the "London of the Georges," which will be of more than usual interest to collectors. The artistic merit of many of these old prints is sometimes as high as their old-world fascination; for in and through them all runs the strange fascination that old historic London holds for all who have imagination. Every day she changes her complexion like some perverse beauty. To dwell amongst these old pictures of her for an hour is to live in a London that is wholly different to the London of our days—her doorways, her very windows, seem to have changed; and yet, through all her disguises, we hear the same fascinating voice. Her dress seems but an affair of fashion after all—in and under all is the London that we know, a city by itself, a city like none other in all the vast world. Had Christopher Wren dressed her as he designed, she would even so have stamped her personality upon the splendid dress he would have had her wear. Many of these fine engravings would make charming decorations for the wall; and all of them hold something of fairy in them—a glimpse of the land that was "once upon a time."

At the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street is an exhibition of the lithographs of Fantin-Latour, which contains such fine works as his flower-piece, "Bouquet de Roses," and his large, and perhaps one of his most masterly pieces, "Hélène." In the "Hélène" we have his arrangement in black and white at its highest; and there is a sense of beauty in the nude, the lack of which is generally the chief fault in his lithography, his figures of women being heavy and clumsy in form. The lithograph of the roses is a masterpiece—in the sense of colour and the magic of the thing. Here also is his piece dedicated "à Stendhal," which shows his light touch to great perfection, especially after the eye has become rather cloyed with the vibrant trick of his florid pencil; and here also is his beautiful "Solitude" (Schumann) in its second state. Mr. van Wisselingh never gives us a commonplace exhibition.

At the Modern Gallery Mr. T. W. Allen shows a large number of his landscapes in oils, water-colours, and charcoal.

At Agnew's Galleries in Bond Street is an exhibition of works by the great English masters of water-colour that must mean the placing of a considerable sum of money on the walls of this small room. David Cox and Turner are well represented, and amongst the masters there is a



View from Mr. Cosway's Breakfast Room, Pall Mall, with the Portrait of Mrs. Cosway

Painted by W. Hodges & R. Cosway; engraved by W. Birch, 1789.

(Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.)

"Venice" by Müller that places him amongst the greatest of them all.

MISS MARGARET THOMPSON shows a number of water-colour drawings of the interiors of the historic houses of Hatfield, Warwick, and Knole at the Stafford Gallery, whose managers have begun to produce their coloured reproductions of Mr. Nicholson's delightful water-colour drawings of Oxford, and there is no doubt that these will be eagerly sought after by the undergraduates and the hundreds of those who love the glorious scenes of their youth with the love of youth. Oxford is indeed fortunate in having caught the fancy of William Nicholson.

MESSRS. SOTHERAN have on view at their well-known bookshop in Piccadilly a selection from the illustrations for the Bible, drawn by Tissot. Perhaps one of the strangest freaks in the history of nineteenth-century artists was the sudden desertion by Tissot of trivial modish social subjects, and his passionate aim to illustrate the Bible. One can imagine no more unpromising training. It was perhaps an essential part of such a man's nature that he should aim at painting the scenes in a purely realistic manner, and, calculating that in the East the fashions change but slowly, he essayed to reproduce the story of the genius of the Jews in terms of to-day. The loss in imagination and emotion was inevitable—to approach the grandeur of the Biblical story with the realistic spirit is to play at being a god in a billy-cock hat. But given the realistic point of view, Tissot did as quaint a Bible story in pictures as the world has seen. It is when he has a chance of displaying humour, odd to say, that his art serves him best, as in the boy Joseph being sold to

Potiphar. The quaint decorative effect of the flying ducks overhead as the lad Ishmael draws his bow to let fly an arrow is really quite fine. But it is nearly always when Tissot is furthest away from what one may call the Biblical spirit that he is happiest in his designs.

THE annual volume of "Art," the first volume of that artistic venture, makes a handsome book, and is a good guide to contemporary Dutch and Belgian art. It contains a paper on the sculptor Meunier, a reproduction of Rubens's glorious landscape in the Royal Museum at Brussels, and an excellent half-tone block of Rembrandt's portrait of himself as a young man from the Pacully Collection in Paris.

THE Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers have a gallery as small as their name is cumbersome; but the gallery contains several charming things. The accomplished and musical line of the Frenchman Helleu almost sings in a very beautiful portrait of "Mademoiselle C.," and his fine craftsmanship gives distinction to some half-dozen other etchings at this year's show. Mr. Brangwyn shows the same grasp and mastery over etching that he has shown over every medium that he has used; indeed, both he and Mr. East display a large masterly quality and a poetic sense in the etched plate which sound a welcome note of the grand manner amidst much that is only too trivial and hesitating and "finicking." Amongst several plates that it would be a delight to possess was Mr. Hartley's "Twilight." Altogether a most interesting show. The special exhibition this year from the work of the old masters is a series of engravings by Andrea Mantegna.

MESSRS. METHUEN publish a wholly charming series of art monographs, entitled "Little Books on Art," which are a wonderful half-crown's worth. The number on "Greek Art" is good reading; and gives very fair illustrations of the different stages in the development of the great art of this wondrous people. But in the "Sir Joshua Reynolds" we get a really excellent biography, and considering the size of the book, a remarkably good series of illustrations of Sir Joshua's genius. This book is supplemented by "A Little Gallery of Reynolds," of which I cannot speak so highly, for the illustrations ought to have been double the size. In all these little books the cover-designs are a model of good taste. Altogether Mr. Sime is to be heartily congratulated on his little life of Reynolds, and the publishers on the very good illustrating of the same. The volume on Watts by Mr. Sketchley naturally does not lend itself to a very frank biography of a living man; but there is much interesting matter within its small limits, which if not so masterly in its grip of biography as Mr. Sime's "Reynolds" makes excellent reading. I am glad to see that the author supports Mr. MacColl in his passionate appeal to the nation to have a bronze cast of Watts's superb equestrian statue for Kingsway. It is a strange comment on the lack of the love of art in our public bodies that the Government should not have leaped to secure so great a masterpiece for the beautifying and glory of London. It is a fortunate thing for art that artists are imbued with the glory of their art and not dependent on the vulgar eyes of political demigods. Methuen's "Little Books on Art" are valuable gems.

I SEE that a monument is to be raised to the memory of the founder of the "Graphic," Mr. W. L. Thomas. It is a wonder to me that the men who benefitted in pocket

and in reputation by the shrewd good sense and business capacity of this able man have not so raised a monument by private subscription—for he made many careers and started the argosies of several men's fortunes. He made only one great blunder in his life—he served his political party in a blind dog-like way that ensured his being passed over in the showering of honours. If there is one editor in London who deserved a baronetcy more than another for his loyalty to his party it was W. L. Thomas. But he never understood politics, far less the way to win prizes from party; he never caused his party a moment of uneasiness; and he met his reward by being passed over. The most fitting reward would be for the party he served so well to honour the dead man's family; but his friends and all such as benefitted by his business astuteness could do worse than raise a bronze bust to his memory.

F. C. G. is to be congratulated on the artistic promise of his son, Mr. A. Carruthers Gould, whose exhibition, with the works of Mr. H. Fischer at the Doré Gallery, discovers him as a colourist and a poet in the translation of nature's moods. I would only say this, that in some of the twilight landscapes, true and delightful as is the colour by which the mood of evening is given, there is such a thing as overdoing the flat silhouette of trees in the waning light, and the suggestion of the leafage would often have given a valuable sense of roundness and what one may call "tree-iness" without destroying the value of the silhouetted trees, at the same time that it would have enhanced the charm of the landscape.

Is the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers going to lose its strength by internal dissensions? Why is Mr. Derwent Wood resigning? What are all these rumours and counter rumours? Ah! the sturdy old Royal Academy has only to sit still and wait, and—the great rivals break to pieces and dwindle and fall to ruin; the "house opposite" becomes divided against itself; and the Royal Academy nods and smiles and continues to act as a "private society."

ONE of the most interesting of forthcoming exhibitions of one-man work will open at Hanover Gallery, in Bond Street, on March 15. The artist is a Belgian who has studied in Brussels and now resides in Surrey. M. Edouard van Goetheim paints en plein air with taste, conviction and a great deal of talent; his pictures of beach, boats and babies have a peculiar and individual charm which should render the exhibition particularly delightful.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society (President, Her Majesty the Queen) will be held this year at Moncorvo House, Ennismore Gardens, by kind permission of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Gretton, on March 5 to 8 inclusive, in aid of the usual London charities. Intending exhibitors should apply to the Hon. Sec., the Hon. Mrs. Mallet, 38, Rutland Gate, S.W.

IN connection with the above, a loan collection of miniatures by the late George Engleheart and John Smart will be shown. Owners of works by these artists who are willing to lend them for exhibition are requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec. of the Loan Annexe, the Hon. Sybil Legh, Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, S.W.

University Extension

A Suggestion to the Provinces

I FEEL indebted to the writer of the third letter on University Extension in last week's ACADEMY. He has forestalled me in laying stress on this lagging behind in the provinces. "Lack of a strong lead" is the root of the matter. In many cases there would seem to be no lead at all. I have frequently made lengthy stays in provincial towns in different parts of the country, and I do not remember ever to have come across any evidence of the working of the movement. It is true that I have not been looking for such evidence, being then unconscious of this educational force. But that surely is the proper test of its influence. When, by accident or design initiated by yourself, you come into contact with this force, when you know the existence even of this "Extension" business and understand its aims and inner workings, you begin to know something about the courses of lectures. Back in London, you suddenly discover from the printed matter you have succeeded in obtaining that there was a course of lectures, important to you, being delivered in — all the time you were making it your abode. Such information is then of little use.

The above must be the facts in scores of cases. All the burrowing has to be done by each individual; there is no canvassing for Extension students, no propagating of the movement. It would be interesting to have testimony of this from others, and some of the experiences of provincial readers on their introduction to University Extension.

Yes, we have museums, libraries, art galleries, and "Carnegie-libraries" — "How to use these institutions is still a lesson to be taught," says the correspondent I have already referred to.

How to assimilate knowledge is the keynote of all education. By merely getting together the materials you do nothing. The provincial libraries (Carnegie ones or otherwise) — many already with a museum or gallery incorporated — surely offer the easiest of starting points for a live working of the Extension Movement. The librarians have it in their power to develop a great work. Let them take the recent Bibliographical lecture* at the British Museum as a suggestion for similar lectures at their own libraries. Delivered under the auspices of the local centre, such a lecture would create a desire for more — people would begin to clamour for that absent "lead." You would no longer be liable to remain for long in the town without any knowledge of the educational work going on around you. And, after all, there is no starting of the machine to be achieved. Everything is all there ready, just waiting to be pushed a little faster. But, especially to one cognisant of the energy apparent in the London movement, the Provincial wheels are rolling very slowly. It will be easier to do the work that must be done if help is applied now before any parts actually cease from working owing to sheer inaction of those primarily responsible.

* See THE ACADEMY, February 6.

THE Spring Announcements Number of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE will be published on March 19. All communications for this issue should reach us by March 10 at latest.

Correspondence

Shakespeare Memorial

SIR, — As a humble member of the London Shakespeare Commemoration League, and as one wishing to support in the small degree possible to me the aim of that League to erect, at last, in London — shamed, surely, by its long indifference and even by its present apathy — a suitable memorial to London's poet, may I be permitted to say a word, I hope not out of season at this juncture?

Since the relation of the work of Shakespeare to the London of his time was so ably demonstrated by Mr. T. F. Ordish in his book on "Shakespeare's London," it has been, I suppose, apparent to those interested in the subject that the commemoration movement must issue in a memorial, or the patriotism on which London prides itself be proved an empty pretence. London's Shakespeare! Shakespeare's London! Is there not a thrill in the mere conjunction of the words? Could pages of eloquence carry an appeal more directly to a citizen's heart? And so, at last, the spell begins to work. Active steps are to be taken. Mr. Ordish, in the "Cornhill Magazine" of the present month, suggests — most opportunely it seems to me — a site. Mr. Badger comes forward with a munificent donation. Other subscriptions will now, no doubt, pour in, and in a short time we shall be confronted with the consideration of the form which the memorial shall take.

It is on this matter, and before the process of crystallisation overtakes this plan or that, I would wish to speak my word of warning.

The suggestion made by the founder of the League that the memorial should take the shape of a reproduction of the old Globe Theatre has been, I think, happily abandoned by him, and a scheme for the erection of a modern theatre is now favoured. Such theatre to be built (by public subscription, of course,) on a site granted by the London County Council, and endowed, I believe, by the State. This seems to me but a small improvement on his former proposition, but that is matter for future debate. What I would say is, let no one's pet scheme take the field till public opinion is ascertained. Let us wait until the great sleepy public is fully aroused from its lethargy — the process has well begun — and is frantic — as once aroused, the British public is sure to become — to record itself alive to its duties and its privileges. Then the London County Council, which in the meantime could become the trustee of a fund of which Mr. Badger's generous offer could form the nucleus, will be moved to grant a site, either that suggested at Westminster or some other, and a suitable memorial to Elizabeth's poet will at last be created in Edward's London. All this it seems is now on the way to accomplishment, but it is a moment which demands general enthusiasm, not criticism directed to any particular point. The ultimate aim must not be jeopardised by conflicting egoism, and the fads of individuals. In the matter of a memorial to Shakespeare, the poet not of a clique but of worlds, let none be of a party — all for the State.

And now, having said the word (with your kind permission) which the occasion seemed to demand and reason to dictate, let me, with feminine inconsistency, record the fact that, when the time is ripe for such selection, I myself shall vote for the form suggested by Mr. Badger himself — a form I think more likely to be the people's choice, less likely to lead to conflict of opinion than that of a theatre: a statue. In the age of Rodin, with English sculptors like George Frampton available, surely it might likewise be a work of Art!

I seem to see a wide, open space, planted, let us say, with "the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle," the lily, "mistress of the field"; with "violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes," "the marigold that goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping"; "with 'hot lavender,' and those 'fairest flowers of the season . . . our carnations and streak'd gilly flowers' — with these, and that green among them all "which by any other name would smell as sweet" — the flowers which Shakespeare loves. And rising from the centre of such space, sacred to the plants and blossoms which "to his music ever sprung," on huge, rough hewn base, and each standing forth on rough hewn base of its own, clear against the sky, those dearer creations of his brain; and so, up and up the enduring rock still figures standing forth, and still and still — until above them all stands the poet, looking down with mildly brooding brow upon the surging millions, moved at last to record the fact that he is *Theirs* and that they Love him. — Yours, &c.,

Shropham Manor.

MARY E. MANN.

SIR,—In entire sympathy with your notes in to-day's issue on the proposed Shakespeare memorial in London, I desire to place upon record my profound conviction, which I am sure is shared by very many Shakespeare lovers, that the memory and study of the poet will be much better served by some such scheme as you suggest, than by either a statue or a theatre. The atmospheric conditions of London render out-door statuary an artistic impossibility. We have a hundred instances of this in our streets and squares. A Shakespeare Theatre would be a profitless and superfluous institution. The national cult of the poet, so far as the great theatre-going public is concerned, is little beyond mere lip-service. Mr. Tree and Mr. Benson give, in their respective manners, adequate representations at frequent intervals. Within my theatrical recollection there has rarely been a time when there has not been at least one theatre playing Shakespeare, and this number has often been increased to three and even four.

Remains, therefore, the proposal for a permanent institution for Shakespeare study in London. There is no need to enter into rivalry with Stratford-on-Avon, which will always retain its place of honour as the Mecca of the poet's lovers. But Shakespeare spent by far the greater part of his working life in London. The town, as he knew it, was intensely different in nearly every respect from the London of to-day. But there are many prints, relics, memorials and maps of Elizabethan London, and it should not be a difficult matter to collect, on loan, or by purchase, a representative selection thereof, to convey to the student a comprehensive and homogeneous survey of the London in which Shakespeare lived, acted and wrote. To such a permanent exhibition I would add a lecture-room, where Shakespearean societies, public and private, might meet and debate; a representative portrait gallery of great Shakespearean actors, critics and commentators; and finally, a Shakespearean library, to which loans and donations should be craved, so as to make it as representative as possible.

Such an institution, I take it, would in time form a worthy memorial to our greatest poet, and would redeem London from the somewhat undeserved stigma of failing to honour him adequately.

The nucleus of a fund with this object being, as I understand, already provided, there should surely be little difficulty in increasing it to the total amount required. It should have the hearty support of every lover of Shakespeare and London—and every right-thinking man and woman is both of these.—Yours, &c.,
February 20, 1904. F. S.

"Tolstoi and the Babies"

SIR,—It is pleasing to hear of Mr. Saleeby's delight that "a Student in Holy Orders" should regard the doctrine that the All-Good Father made human nature "desperately wicked" as "colossal nonsense," for I am sure that all other students of theology would regard it in the same light.

The doctrine of original sin teaches, as far as I know it, that the supposed universal tendency in human nature to sin, rather than righteousness, is the consequence of a human act; what I want is some authority for the statement that "the theologians assure us" that it was implanted in man by a Divine Act.—Yours, &c.,
STUDENT IN HOLY ORDERS.

[The theologians assure us of the existence of an All-Good and omnipotent First Cause, without which there could obviously be no human act, sinful or otherwise. They also assure us that human nature is "desperately wicked." It is not my fault that the two statements are incompatible, but it is the right of everyone—and I have exercised my share in it—to put the two assertions together, and thereby demonstrate the palpable contradiction between them. But of course I quite understand that the only chance for dogmatic theology is to prevent the comparison of its contradictory assertions. Isolate the noble belief in an All-Good First Cause in one cerebral convolution, and the "desperately wicked" theory in another, and the theologians claim you as a disciple; but utilise the association fibres between those two convolutions, and of course they repudiate your conclusion as "colossal nonsense," but it is of their making. Had I inquired of a theologian how he reconciled All-Goodness in the Cause and desperate wickedness in the Caused, he would have said, "Ah! that is the mystery." I prefer my challenger's phrase, "colossal nonsense."—C. W. SALEEBY.]

A Psychological Mystery

SIR,—Your contributor, who relates his startling experience in regard to preknowledge of the verbal contents of unread books, has happened upon what seems to be an absolutely insoluble

psychological enigma; and, in having foreknowledge of the very words of unfamiliar (or rather unperused) works, he seems to be unique.

Apropos of this subject, the following words of Samuel Warren are not devoid of interest:—

"I do not know how to express it, but I have several times had a consciousness of mere ordinary incidents, then occurring, having somehow or other happened before, accompanied by a vanishing idea of being able to predict the sequence."

Still, this latter is probably a common experience—I, for one, have frequently observed it—but to find the very sentences in a new book familiar is indeed amazing.

Pre-existence seems a too chimerical hypothesis to be tenable.

Can it be that memory is hereditary? Have we here a kind of atavism?—Yours, &c.,

Alderwasley, near Wirksworth,
Derbyshire.

J. B. WALLIS.

Byron's Seamew.

SIR,—

"The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild Sea-mew."

—"Childe Harold," T. 13.

It is assumed that the poet means a gull, say, *Larus marinus*, or "great black back," whose cry is hoarse and disagreeable; that, however, does not appear to have been the original meaning of the word *seamew*, for indeed it has descended to us from classical antiquity.

Homer, *Iliad* ix., 563, introduces us to the word "*halcyone*" in his version of the history of Althea of Calydon in Etolia, she was mother to the hero Meleager, whose wife Cleopatra had her name changed into Halcyone; this story is introduced as an episode to influence Achilles, for Meleager likewise got sullen and abstained from battle until an impending catastrophe occurred, when he reappeared and ended the contest.

Ovid (*Mett* viii., xi.) is very diffuse on the pathetic story of Ceyx, husband to Alcyone, who, lamenting his decease, they by divine intervention were both changed into mournful sea fowls, who pair together.

Chaucer, in his short poem on the death of the Lady Blanche, dilates at great length on part of Ovid's narrative; he describes himself as a victim to insomnia, so he reads himself to sleep and then dreams about the visit of Morpheus disguised as Seys (for Keux) to comfort Alcione; but he drops all allusion to the birds. Indeed we have another version whereby Ceyx is metamorphosed into a Keux, variously defined as a diver, a dipper, or a coote, totally different birds to the halcyone; how then could they pair together and nest among the sea-wrack, floating on the surface of the Arctic Ocean.

Now the gull is a sea bird and some species do breed in England; among them Yarrell defines a sea-mall, and a maw gull, varying his orthography to sea-maw and sea-mew; there is also a smew. We know all about the "sea" in A. S., and the mew; but the earliest mention of the compound known to me is in the "*Promptorium Parvulorum*," an early Anglo-Latin vocabulary, circa 1499, with the following variants: mowe, byrd, or semewe.

Semow byrd, with three definitions: (1) aspergo [a diver or dipper] to replace the Keux; (2) Alcio, i.e., the human female, Alcione; (3) alcedo, the Latin form of Alcyone, supposed a kingfisher.

So the kingfisher, known to science as *alcedo*, represents the fabulous birds in whose favour a period of peaceful calm, known as halcyon days, was conceded in midwinter, that the incubation of thier progeny might prosper; but our kingfisher is a land bird that preys on freshwater fish.

This change was especially designed to perpetrate the dolours of the human Alcione, and we see that the whole scheme of such process is a survival of metempsychosis; and its artificial character is proved by the amount of alliteration involved in the names chosen; thus the glossy blue, or resplendent azure, found in the kingfisher's plumage, may pair with the Greek *kuanos*; and the English suffix "mew" certainly represents the plaintive voice of the widowed Alcione. The kingfisher, among primitive people, was quasi-sacred, for in central Asia the pelt is preserved as an amulet, a bright breast ornament. This suffix mew, maw, mov, varies to mell or mall, French *miauler* (to mew).

The late Mr. Waterton protested against any attempt to class the Halcyone as a "gull"; he points out the different structure and incapacity for oceanic flight; still the fishing habit may stand as a survival of past existences and represent a true physical metamorphosis in the struggle for existence. The real interest of

this investigation is matter of literary criticism about Shakespeare's text, in the "Tempest," where Caliban offers his services, thus:—
 "Sometimes I'll get the young *scamels* from the rock."

It is proposed to substitute "cliff" for *rock*, and to read *scamels* for *scamels*; but *scammel* is an established patronymic and scambler, of Norfolk, has a grant of armorial bearings from 1591, most probably for shamblé as a Lenten diet, mainly of cod or shell fish.—Yours, &c.,
 Highbury.

A. HALL.

University Extension

SIR,—All who are interested in the University Extension Movement will be grateful to you for the article which appeared in your issue of January 30, but there seems to be a suggestion in that article that the Extension work of the older Universities is in some senses dropping behind, and that a stimulus to it is required similar to that which has recently been given to the movement in London. I should be the last to deny that stimulus is always healthy, but I must demur to the suggestion that the Extension work of this University is in any way dropping behind. From the report just presented to Convocation, a copy of which I have the honour to enclose, you will see that the year which ended on September 30, 1903, marks the highest point attained by the work of this Delegacy since its inception. During the year then ending no less than 1,886 lectures distributed in 199 courses were delivered in 149 centres scattered throughout all parts of England; the number of students who were in regular attendance at the courses was 21,485. I should cordially agree that there is still room for expansion, but it would be difficult to find in these figures any evidence that the older Universities are dropping behind; nor am I aware of any grounds for the statement in your article that "London is going to become the centre of the movement under the University of London."—Yours, &c.,
 Examination Schools, Oxford.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Poets in School

SIR,—Attention has recently been called once more to the use of the masterpieces of English literature in the schoolroom—and in particular the selection of Gray's "Elegy" for recitation was instanced. It is, indeed, doubtful whether such pieces should be given, good as they undoubtedly are for elocution. How many people cannot remember the days when Mark Antony began his oration "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears! I come to bury Caesar"? But if the practice of using such classics for recitation by a class of boys or girls who cannot possibly appreciate them is open to doubts as to its advisability, there is even more ground for objecting to the custom of pressing them into the service of the grammar lesson. The writer well remembers analysing and parsing certain words during a grammar examination in the passage:—

"The hour has almost come
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 Must render up myself."

When the revelation that "Hamlet" was "jolly" (O! that school-slang!) came, through a visit to Forbes-Robertson's production, the ghost was unconsciously tabulating his speech in the mind of one auditor into "Hour, subject: has come: predicate," &c., &c., to the accompaniment of the inevitable piano-practice that always seems to go on during examinations.

The same association always attends the reading of—

"There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
 brightly the sunset
 Lighted the village street,"

and the picture is spoiled by those unforgotten struggles with parts of speech. How often we used to rebel among ourselves against "Hamlet's blessed old bletherings"! What else could be expected? We were between twelve and sixteen, and the only one among us who had read the play through gave a decided opinion that "he ought to have upped and done for his uncle, and saved all those acts of talk and queer grammar."

"Julius Caesar" was distinctly better. Plenty of things happened, and we gloried in the murder and battle scenes, and in the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. When it came to learning by heart the different readings of Johnson, Warburton, or Malone, however,

our enthusiasm wavered, and it is more than doubtful whether we remember one single instance of the various discrepancies among the commentators.

A flavour of these compulsory delvings among the immortals has clung to our voluntary reading ever since. The mind, during the school days, is not able to digest such ripe material. "Lays of Ancient Rome" are the most lofty heights to which the immature mind, unless of very exceptional quality, can scale. As to the deliberate pulling-apart of words to show the skeleton beneath, it cannot too strongly be condemned, where the passages chosen are of such a character as the Ghost's speech. It cheapens the scene for ever after, to have so denuded it of its grace and beauty, pulled it apart, and put it together again, at a time when no conception of the spirit that animates it is there to hide from us that they are just words made into a sentence, like "Please pass the salt." Apart from this side of the matter, elocution and grammar books give far more suitable examples for use. The construction of blank verse is not at all favourable to the gaining of a practical knowledge of the analysis of ordinary English grammar. A sentence specially constructed to puzzle a scholar will do so, if not more effectually than a passage from Shakespeare, certainly to a more direct and useful end, and one which will be of more practical benefit to him. Horatio might have replied to, "To what base uses we may return," "Indeed we may, my lord, when we are quoted, recited, analysed, parsed, murdered, and hacked about by raw schoolboys and schoolgirls, and even sometimes paraphrased," for even this latter useless desecration is constantly committed.—
 Yours, &c.,

H. P. H.

The Stage Society and Maxim Gorki

SIR,—In reference to your unfavourable comment in a recent *ACADEMY* upon the Stage Society and Gorki's "Lower Depths" or "Doss House," may I be permitted to point out that—whether owing to an inefficient translation, to incongruous acting, to a want of conviction on the part of the actors, or to a combination of all three defects—the British Press seems to have gathered quite an erroneous interpretation of Gorki's idea and meaning. As an article in last month's "Fortnightly Review" attempts to show, Gorki's aim is to make it clear that even in the "dust bin" of the lowest strata or depths of humanity objects of intrinsic value may occasionally be discovered by people who will take the trouble to rescue them. Apart from this general aspect I would add that to anyone acquainted with Russia's present social unrest, Gorki's play is a study of absorbing interest. That when rightly rendered it does not lack of dramatic force and even deep psychological import, has, I think, been proved by the fact that the German adaptation of the play has been well received in Germany's capital, where it has been running for over eighteen months in a specially critical theatrical centre. The success, indeed, of the German version has been so great that a scheme has been set on foot to perform it in Russian in various Russian towns. It is a pity that such a new and original departure as Gorki's complex study, both in sociology and character, should have so completely missed its mark in this country.—Yours, &c.,

ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and *briefly* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE

CHARLES DICKENS' NAMES.—A contemporary recently raised the question as to the correct spelling of Charles Dickens' third baptismal name, whether "Huffam" or "Huffam," concerning which his biographers differ. In the Portsea Parish Register the entry of the Baptism renders it with the second "h," while the Marriage Register at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, omits it. *Apropos* of the latter document, it may be pointed out that the novelist's signature is simply "Charles Dickens." The entry also records that the parties were married by licence, that the bride was a minor, that the officiating minister was the curate, the Rev. R. W. Morice, and that the witnesses were the respective parents of bride and bridegroom and Dickens' friend and fellow journalist Thomas Beard, whose signatures are likewise appended. There is no doubt that "Huffam" is the correct spelling of Dickens' third Christian name, and Forster assures us that Dickens himself so spelt it "on the very rare occasions when he subscribed that name." As the late Mr. Robert Langton explains, it was the surname of the Charles Dickens' godfather, Christopher Huffam, "described in the London Post-Office Directory as 'Rigger to His Majesty's Navy, Limehouse Hole.'" It would be exceedingly interesting to discover an autograph signature of Dickens in which all his baptismal names are given.—*F. G. Kitton.*

"MOTHER-IN-LAW."—Not only in "Pickwick," but in "Nicholas Nickleby" and later works, Dickens persists in making his characters refer to a step-mother as "mother-in-law." If there is any authority for this apparent mistake I shall be glad to know of it.—*F. G. Kitton.*

WELSH TRIADS.—We owe to Geoffrey of Monmouth, a nucleus for the Arthurian Cycle and various apocryphal distortions of Roman history; his completed "Chronicle" was translated from Latin into Welsh, and accepted by the natives as genuine history. But they do not appear to have any national records of an earlier date; thus, while the existence of Cynobelinus is attested by a copious coinage, and we learn from valid sources of his sons, named Caractacus and Togodumnus; but Geoffrey substitutes Guiderius and Eborac, while the father is called Cynfeil. Is this last name authentic, and have the Triads been printed in Welsh with an English translation?—*Querist.*

AUTHOR WANTED.—In 1890, Tennyson, in conversation with the Bishop of Ripon (Boyd Carpenter), on the "conflict of the powers of light and darkness," repeated the lines:—

"The Lord led the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said 'Am I your debtor?'
And the Lord—'Not yet, but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better.'"

Are these lines original or quoted, and if the latter, who is their author?—*P. C.*

MAWTERLINCKIANA.—Can any of your readers tell me if I can get a modern edition of John Ford's "The pity, she's a whore," adapted by Mawterlinck under the title of "Annabella," 1893?—*Bokemia.*

RICHARD BARNFIELD.—How is it that every publisher (so far as I have noticed) inserts in their editions of Shakespeare's poems the ode "As it fell upon a day"? Is it not absolutely certain that Richard Barnfield wrote it? I have never seen any contradiction to Ellis, who gives it as Barnfield's in his "specimens," incidentally remarking it had been—this was prior to 1803—"attributed" to Shakespeare.—*K. M.*

GYPSY EXPERIENCES.—Who is the author of the papers on "Gypsy Experiences," published in the "Illustrated London News" in December, 1891, and reprinted in F. Hinds Grooms's "In Gypsy Tents"? In the preface to that work the writer of the "Experiences" is stated to have died while the reprints were passing through the press, &c., in 1890, or possibly the end of 1879.—*A. W.*

AUTHOR WANTED.—

Are the following lines by Shelley? If so, in which of his poems shall I find them?—

"I loved—Oh no! I mean not one of ye,
Or any earthly one, though ye are dear
As human heart to human heart may be.
I loved—I know not what—but this low sphere
And all that it contains, contains not thee,
Thou whom seen nowhere, I feel everywhere,
Dim object of my soul's idolatry."—*P. R.*

TICKLE ME, TOBY.—In Carlyle's "Past and Present" Book II., chapter VIII., I find the following: "And the Prior responds, 'Willelmus Sacrista is a fit man, bonus vir est,'—for all his red nose. Tickle me, Toby, and I'll tickle thee." Who and what was Toby?—*G. O. W.*

SHAKESPEARE AS LAWYER.—There are several passages in Shakespeare which suggest that he was well versed in the law. Is it possible that he served in some capacity in an attorney's office during the interval between leaving school and his marriage?—*Clames.*

[See review of Mr. Churton Collins' "Shakespeare Studies" in last week's ACADEMY.—*Ed.*]

GENERAL

TRANSVAAL VOLKSLIED.—Can any one refer me to an English version of the Transvaal Volkslied?—*H. E. S.*

BOWING.—What is the earliest reference to the act of greeting by raising the hat or cap? When did it come into general use? Is there any book on historical forms of greeting, such as shaking hands; the military salute, &c.?—*M. S.*

REFERENCE WANTED.—

What was the, in 1890, well-known story of the squire and the Apple Pie? It is alluded to in a work on Cambridge.—*K. M.*

JESSIE.—What is the origin of the name "Jessie," and can it be traced in Great Britain before the eighteenth century? Does "Jessica" occur anywhere before the date of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice"?—*A. W. (Tonbridge).*

Answers

LITERATURE

"SPRING IN ENGLAND."—

"Give me back one day in England
For it's spring in England now."

The quotation is from Rudyard Kipling's poem entitled "In Spring Time," published in the "Departmental Ditties."—*Eerbod.*

"RUNAWAYS." In the expression "Runaway's eyes may wink," has received countless interpretations, but not one commentator has discovered that the word "runaway" formerly meant a watchman. In Thomas Brewer's "Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton" (1631) we read: "By-and-by came the constable with the bloody runnawain to bear Smug to the stocks." If we turn to the original comedy, 1607 (once attributed to Shakespeare), we find that Smug is taken by "the master constable and the watchmen," clearly showing that in Brewer's day, at least, "runaways" were equivalent to "watchmen," thus at once explaining "Janit's" puzzling reference. "AN-HEIRES," in the line "Will you go, An-heires?" Everything has been suggested, from "my nheers" to "cavaliers." But an American friend once pointed out that "mine host" uses out-of-the-way words, such as "cavaliero justici," and that his "An-heires" was simply what a scribe writing to dictation would put down for "An-heires," the attic Greek for "men"—another proof that Shakespeare knew Greek!—*Edith.*

[Answer also received from W. H. P.]

"LAMBKINS."—Does not Pistol mean that they live merrily, with the sportive carelessness of young lambs, and that in such a manner they are to go and "condole the knights"?—*W. H. P.*

[Answer also received from H. C.]

AUTHOR FOUND.—The correct form of the couplet is:—

"For though the day be never so long,
At last the belles ringeth to evensong."

The author was Stephens Hawes, a minor poet of the sixteenth century, and the couplet occurs in his principal poem, "The Pasctyme of Pleasure" (1606), which was printed by Wynken de Worde in 1817.—*W. F. Cobb.*

[Answers also received from T. H. M. (Newcastle), P. R. (Hertford), K. A. (Belfast), Edina (Cambridge), C. R. S. (Bury), A. L. G. (Leek), J. N. (Hall), and M. A. C. (Cambridge).]

"JESAMINE BRIDE."—Jessamy is a name for a pop who wears jasmine in his button-hole, but a writer in "Notes and Queries," 1897, suggests that "je-samy" is equivalent to "jasmine," and that Goldsmith simply used the word to express Mary's sweet, daintiness and grace.—*Charles R. Sanderson.*

"BABY."—I think the idea is to be found in an earlier writer than Sir Philip Sydney. In Ellis' "Specimens of Early English Poets" under the head of "Uncertain Authors," of the reign of Henry VIII., will be found some verses called "A Praise of his Lady," in which occurs the following lines:—

"In each of her two chrysal eyes
Smileth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy."

One edition gives "lamb" for "lamp."—*K. M.*

"SILURIST."—Answers received from A. S. S. (Keighley) and M. T. (Jarrow).

GENERAL

CHURCH WINDOW.—This mode of representing the departure of the soul is a traditional one in art. It probably originated with the ancient Egyptians, who represented the soul as a bird with human head and arms hovering over the mummy. The idea is common in early Christian art and appears in the catcomb frescoes in the form of the *Orans*—a female figure with outstretched arms. An early lead medal of the martyrdom of S. Lawrence shows a figure rising from the dead body. The realistic spirit of medieval art emphasised the idea further by representing the figure issuing from the mouth of the body.—*H. F. D.*

[Answer also received from R. G. (Nürnberg).]

"THE OX WITH THE CRUMPLED HORNE."—The reason for weaselling the ox with the crumpled horn was probably because the animal with such a peculiar and unusual growth was considered lucky. Unusually formed objects are frequently encountered as charms or amulets. Among the many attempts at an explanation of the sign of the "Crooked Billet" it has not been remarked that a crooked billet was probably adopted as a sign because of its singular irregularity among other billets composing the bundle, and its consequent prefigurement of good-luck.—*J. H. McM.*

"ENIGMATIC DATE."—I have recently been occupied much in elucidating and correcting dates of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but I have never met with so strange a date as that given by "W. P." I should suggest it stood for 1490 and explain it thus: the "r" is probably a partly obliterated "x" so that meccccro will read meccccx. This of course still leaves the "i" to be accounted for; may not this be an accident, a smudge, and not part of the printed matter? If on the other hand "W. P." has been told "190" stands for "81" I confess I have not met with a similar case nor do I see how it could. Will "W. P." give the name of the author and printer? I do not know the book "Fasciculus Temporum," my collection of fifteenth-century books being small, but I am forming an index of rare and extraordinary printed dates and should be glad to help to the elucidation of this one.—*K. M.*

AN OLD CHARADE.—"Coachman."—*J. L.*

"A skirt is essential. Fair ladies, I ween,
Without one, in public you'll never be seen.
And if you should venture without an escort
Tho' swift be your horses, you risk to get hurt."

—*K. B. (Amsterdam).*

"Without a dress of proper mien
You ladies never will be seen.
Without address you'll drive and drive,
And yet you never will arrive!"

—*K. A. (Belfast).*

Litchpin.—*M. G. P. (Bavaria).*

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NOTE.

AN attempt has been made—possibly unintentionally—to make use of the Questions and Answers columns of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE for a quite illegitimate purpose. An enquirer wrote asking the origin of a certain quotation. The question was duly inserted, and it then appeared that it was one of a series of quotations in a weekly contemporary, for the identification of which prizes were offered. This is a serious misuse of the privileges of the "A. Q. A." columns, and whilst it is impossible entirely to obviate this form of misuse, it is hoped that a timely warning may be sufficient to deter others from like malpractices. The columns are entirely for the purpose of mutual exchange of interesting information and not to assist in the winning of prizes in other papers.

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